THOREAU IN HISTORY by Henry Seidel Canby

The Saturday Review of Literature

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VOL. XX No. 12 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

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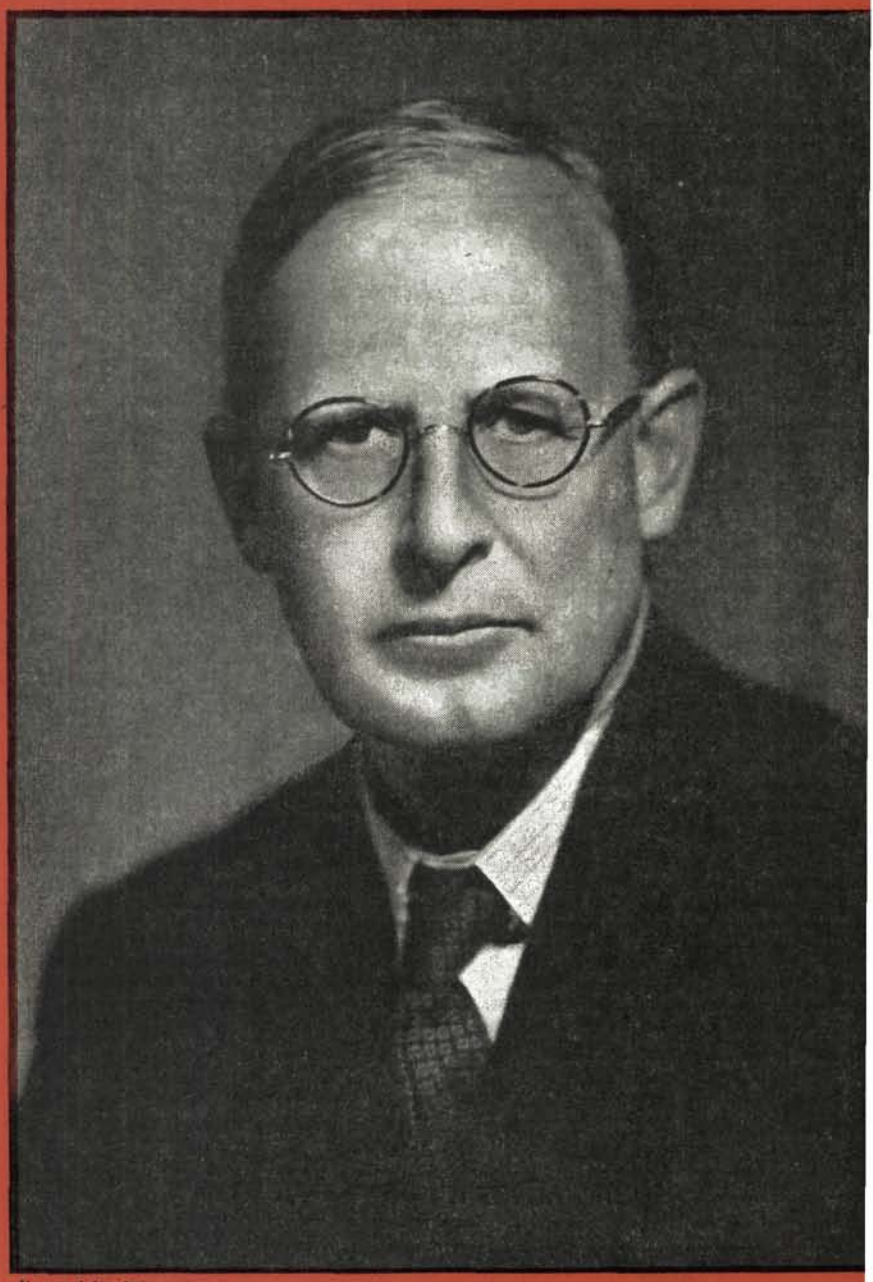

Howard Coster

G. T. Garratt

"There are still a few British journalists carrying on the great tradition of the days when British journalism was not merely literate and urbane but also the most enlightened and outspoken in the world. . . . Among these G. T. Garratt is a man to watch."

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Thoreau in History

The Story of a Literary Reputation

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

N. C. Wyeth

"His nature love was still prophetically in advance of a craze which was to sweep the country in another generation."

THOREAU'S reputation after his death became the property of a cult, for although so doubtful of the success of human relationships, and in his own opinion so unsuccessful in love, he left behind him friends sensitive to every slight upon their Henry, and determined to make his name prevail. Unfortunately their love for him was greater than their love for each other, and they venerated in their hero their own favorite beliefs.

Sophia, his sister, who was his literary executor, lived in his memory and often wept over it. She had to be handled carefully by friends and publishers, for even when they escaped from the volubility of her mother, they found her fanatical in her desire to carry out what she thought would have been her brother's wishes. She quarreled with his first two biographers, William Ellery Channing and Frank B. Sanborn, but she agreed with them in feeling that the attacks of Thoreau's contemporaries after his death—Lowell in *The North American Review,* James F. Clarke, Transcendentalist and friend of Margaret Fuller, in an unspecified article, and W. R. Alger—had all given a false impression of Thoreau as an egoist, a poseur, and a crank, which must be corrected. Alger, Unitarian minister and anti-slavery man, had included in his curious book, "The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, The Loneliness of Human Life," some sketches of lonely characters, among them Thoreau. His thoughtful criticism is a sympathetic and more penetrating statement of Lowell's point of view. It was Thoreau's marked egoism that troubled him: "The key of his life is the fact that it was devoted to the art of an interior aggrandizement of himself." Every trifle had to be associated with self, which is always a mark of spiritual disturbance. "There was uncommon love in him, but it felt itself repulsed," and so put on a mask of stoicism.

All this was true, but Alger and Lowell both overestimated the society from which Thoreau withdrew. "Many a humble and loving author," Alger thought, had braced and enriched his readers, while Thoreau taught them to be unsatisfied. These men, and other critics, could not believe that radical dissatisfaction with the nineteenth century was anything but an egoistic pose. They could not see, like the wise Howells, that while the reformers were concentrating on the evils of slavery, Thoreau was prophetically criticizing the "infinitely crueler and stupider vanity and luxury bred of" industrial slavery, and the "unworthiness" of our civilization. "If there was then any prevision of the struggle now at hand, the seers averted their eyes, and strove only to cope with the less evil." They did not foresee the twentieth century and the collapse of Victorian complacency, and so Thoreau's flank attack on their optimism seemed merely neurotic, although they did not use the word. Of course, it was neurotic, but only a neurotic egotist could, in the Concord of that day, have been irritated into a truth-seeing discontent.

Yet his reputation did not grow, and for reasons much more significant than any damning review or personal attack. His Transcendental intensities were already out of date, his nature love was still prophetically in advance of a craze which was to sweep the country in another generation, and his criticism of society had to wait for due appreciation until nineteenth-century optimism and American manifest destiny had crashed in the twentieth century.

The Civil War gave the death blow to American Transcendentalism. It lingered, or was transformed into other varieties of idealism, often debased, yet its high hopes, its splendid intensity, its beautiful confidence were gone. Pressing upon utterance everywhere in Thoreau except in his factual nature notes and the Travel Books, its high idealisms became less and less congenial after the early sixties, and soon were almost unintelligible. Even Emerson, who knew how to write a sermon, began then to lose his eminence as a leader of thought.

Nor was the humorous skepticism of the author of "Walden," who was so doubtful of what his fellow townsmen called progress, and so scornful of expansion Westward and dollarward, any more congenial to the readers of this gilded age after the Civil War. His skepticism must have seemed incomprehensible, or impertinent, to the Northern or Western reader who saw manifest destiny building the greatest of plutocracies under his eyes. The South, if it had read in the days of its ruin, might have understood Thoreau better, for some of its best citizens had known how to live. Yet his sarcasm heaped upon gold-diggers and promoters buried under their own wealth was more understandable by the tough new times of get-rich-quick than were the spiritual exaltations of Transcendentalism.

Nevertheless, in spite of the attempts of his friends to make him a philosopher of science when science was not yet ready to be philosophized, and a hero of stoicism in an age when stoicism was out of date, Thoreau's reputation slowly spread. "Walden" persisted. There were numerous editions in the nineteenth century here

Next Week

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR
By SEAN O'CASEY
Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

FACTORIES IN THE FIELDS
By CAREY McWILLIAMS
Reviewed by Louis Adamic

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and in England, some of them, of course, only reprints, and two translations into German, though only one American edition in the go-getting seventies. Nevertheless, not only the comments of Lowell and his other contemporaries, but also the strictures of Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Ralph Waldo Emerson" of 1885, and Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on Thoreau of 1880, show how antipathetic to both the gilded and the genteel age were the social radicalism and the ruthless analysis of values in that book. To those who did not understand the significance of its ideology, "Walden" seemed exaggerated, impertinent, conceited. As an editorial writer on *The New York Commercial Advertiser* said: "His 'thoughts' are of no use to anybody nowadays, but his pictures of hill and valley, forest and field and stream, have an enduring and great value."

That was the precise truth for the eighties. The series of Excursions published as one volume after Thoreau's death, the Travel Books, and the nature scenes from "Walden" gave him a vogue, richly deserved of course, as a nature writer, and kept him in moderate popularity until the writers of the romantic back-to-nature movement of the eighties, nineties, and early 1900s picked him up. They found in his writings a point of departure, and in him a progenitor whose passion for nature they understood far better than the deep spiritual convictions which gave his style an eloquence and an edge which they could never attain. With better instruments and with libraries of scientific classification, they corrected his errors in observation. Yet already Burroughs and Muir fade, while the best of Thoreau's nature studies outlast the sentimentality which was the disease of the movement that called him father.

In his native country, and in spite of occasional appreciation by shrewder minds than the editor of *The New York Advertiser,* his reputation remained that of a nature writer until the second decade of the twentieth century. In my own youth he was known to us as a man who wrote about birds and animals for children! When the study of English literature began to be a mainstay of the curriculum in American colleges, Thoreau had no fixed place there. The gusty Carlyle and the "indoors" Ruskin were firmly established as meat for young Americans, while "Walden" was neither mentioned nor read. His terse, pungent style was, in fact, too staccato, too American, and his subjects too homely, for the taste of professors of English—with exceptions that could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

It seems probable that the first recognition of his modest but certain place in world literature came abroad, and in England, where the nascent British Labor Party, offspring of William Morris and Marx, used "Walden" as a pocket-piece and traveling Bible of their faith. And rightly, for this movement, truly Fabian in character, was social rather than narrowly economic, its purpose being to restore and create and distribute true values in everyday living. Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" of 1895, one of the background books of English socialism, and much influenced by Thoreau, sold two million copies.

Indeed, the sixties and seventies were certain to deprecate his "message," the eighties and nineties and 1900s were

N. C. Wyeth

His softness toward women was the feminine in his nature

more sure to celebrate his nature writing, and it was only in the tens, twenties, and thirties that his prophetic insights were bound to be recognized. For by then, and particularly by the 1930s, the smug complacence of the Victorian age had crumbled into disillusion. Daily living in America was no longer invigorated by the speculative excitement of a moving frontier; it had been mechanized into comfort, and was threatened by a dull discontent, except when menaced by social disturbances or by war. An economic system which had offered an illusory freedom to the individual who worked for its ends, no longer promised even the illusion. A political system which had been ignored by the self-reliant began to set limits upon the rights and customs of personal desire. For the first time in the history of our republic, the individual had to take his stand, determining what he proposed to yield to the state, and what he proposed to fight for as essential to his spiritual and physical well-being. And, thanks to a wide shift in moral standards, with a resulting breakdown of the old controls, and the failure of material success to produce happiness, there was a doubt of the values we had sought in living not equaled in the memory of living man.

Nevertheless, these general statements hardly account for the increase in vitality of Thoreau's best books in recent years. His influence had been felt earlier by first-class minds like Tolstoy and Gandhi, and by many writers throughout the world otherwise ignorant of the golden age of New England. It is characteristic of his curious influence that William Butler Yeats, felt by many to be the greatest poet in English of this day, should have been inspired to seek his island paradise of Innisfree in order to find wisdom in solitude, by passages from "Walden," read to him in his early youth by his father. Today, there is a curious working upward in his own country from some unrecognized substratum of interest, and his sentences begin to appear with increasing frequency as quotations and themes for editorials, articles, and chapters in native books. The man may or may not be extensively read, but he seems to be better read now than any other writer, including Emerson, among the so-called classic writers of our tradition. What has given Thoreau so enviable a place in our literature?

Thoreau, unlike Emerson, was not one of the wise men of the earth whose serenity transfuses their style. He was too maladjusted psychologically to be a preacher, a healer, or even a humorist. That *anima* of his, as Jung would call it, created by unsatisfied desires and unexpanded elements in his being, was constantly plaguing him in one guise or another, and sometimes driving him to extremes of contradiction or attack which were symptoms of a mind in distress. In spite of all his efforts at self-knowledge, he learned to understand only his conscious desires, never the ultimate causes of his temperamental disorders. And this was most true of his sexual impulses, which were distorted, transformed, sublimated, or suppressed, in the attempt to make them conform to his moral ideas and economic necessities. The effect upon the unconscious in his nature he noted, even in its physical details, but did not know that his softness toward women was the feminine in his nature, constantly thwarted or repressed either by himself or by cir-

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph Hilton Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $3.50 a year; Canada $4. Vol. XX, No. 12, July 15, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Britain and the Rock

GIBRALTAR AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. By G. T. Garratt. New York: Coward-McCann. 1939. 351 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

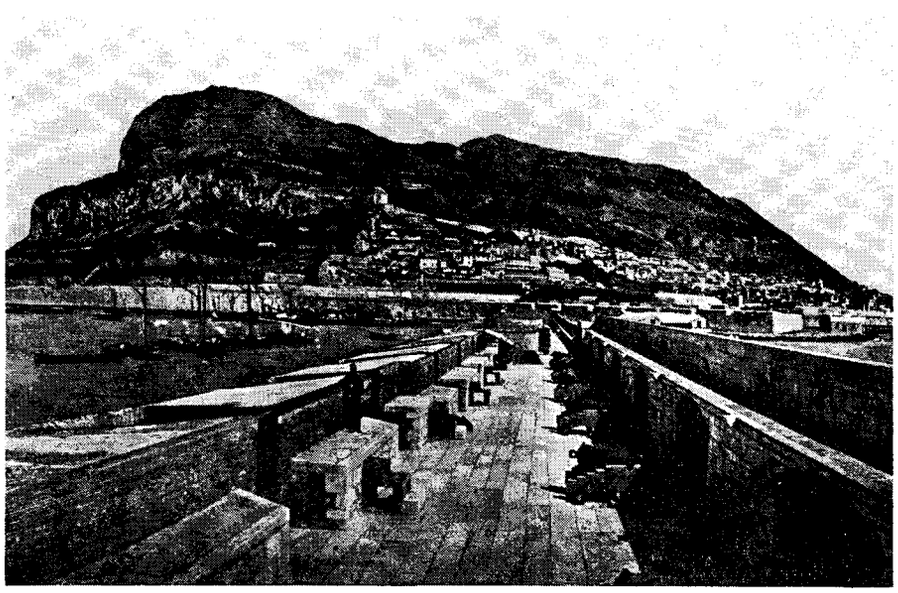
THERE are still a few British journalists carrying on the great tradition of the days when British journalism was not merely literate and urbane but also the most enlightened and outspoken in the world. There are fewer still whose chief work in recent years has not been more for the American than the British public. Among these few, G. T. Garratt is a man to watch. His Abyssinian despatches for the *Manchester Guardian* were brilliant reporting and profound political comment; his critique of fascist foreign policy and British diplomacy, "Mussolini's Roman Empire," was not only a masterpiece of political pamphleteering, which in another age would have brought down a cabinet, but a sober analysis of contemporary trends in the Mediterranean, the correctness of which time has amply proved. Having argued in vain against the cynical and short-sighted sacrifice of the Spanish loyalists, Mr. Garratt turns to consider the one British interest in Spain which not even the present cabinet can surrender, the Rock of Gibraltar.

In the war which seems imminent, Great Britain will have to make some sort of decision about Gibraltar, a decision on which past history will have an unavoidable influence. More than two-thirds of this book, therefore, relates the history of the Rock, a strange and romantic history not without strategic and political interest, but chiefly important in showing how the emotions of two peoples have endowed Gibraltar with a symbolic value far beyond its real one. Throughout the eighteenth century, although a useful naval base and a profitable center of illegal trade with Spain, Gibraltar had no paramount importance in British eyes, but its successful defense, 1779-1783, the leading European episode of the war of the American Revolution, gave the British public an exaggerated idea of its strength and a sentimental pride in it as a symbol of Britannia's thalassocracy. This fixed idea grew so strong during the nineteenth century that the repeated suggestion it be exchanged with Spain for the more practical and defensible position of Ceuta in Morocco was always disregarded. To the popular mind Gibraltar had become the concrete symbol of the British Empire. At the same time, unfortunately, it was becoming to the Spaniards, particularly to reactionary nationalists such as are now in power, the symbol of Spain's inferiority, an unredeemed hostage whose recapture was the first task of an awakened nation.

Since the Germans now fortifying Ceuta have their own plans for northern Morocco, it is too late to talk about exchange, just as it is too late to do anything about Franco's domination of Spain, and Hitler's domination of Franco. In this connection, the dozen pages which sketch Hitler's use of the Spanish war to reduce Italy to a dependent position should illuminate many recent events and put an end to much loose talk and foggy thinking. Some of the assertions which must have seemed most daring to Mr. Garratt's publishers when they first saw his manuscript have been fully substantiated before the date of publication; the others now seem all too likely. There can be no doubt now that the Germans backed Franco from the first, acquired a controlling position by reason of Italian failures, and have exacted, and will continue to exact usurious interest; there can be little that, when war comes, Spain will line up with the fascists and the English will have to fight for Gibraltar or surrender it.

It is not a stake worth great effort. The importance for Britain of free passage through the Mediterranean has been much exaggerated; British commerce will have to be routed round the Cape anyway until Italy is smashed. The guns of the Rock cannot command the straits against movements by night, under smoke screens, or by submarines, while the heavy artillery now bristling from the hills around Algeçiras and La Linea can make docks at Gibraltar useless and the town uninhabitable, even if they cannot reduce the fort. The Rock has no room for flying fields, and no future as a naval base while Spain is armed and hostile, and a row of German batteries lines the African side of the straits. Nevertheless, Mr. Garratt does not recommend withdrawal. He thinks the garrison could hold out for a long time in its underground galleries, compelling attackers to expend a great deal of material for slight results, and that, as an advance post and submarine base, the Rock might be valuable to the Atlantic Fleet which, coöperating with a fleet based on Alexandria and Cyprus, would try to strangle Italy by long-range blockade. It is ironic that twenty years after Versailles, Englishmen should be asking themselves whether they can hold Gibraltar, horrible that men should be expecting another world war only twenty-one years after the bloody summer of 1918. But to such a pass Great Britain and her neighbors have been reduced by British leaders who have kicked away one advantage after another for seven years and for seven years consistently encouraged aggression. It is time now for the kind of clear-headed, well-informed, unsentimental thinking which this book represents.

Geoffrey Theodore Garratt, who is well known in journalistic circles, has been in the Indian Civil Service, was with the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force during the World War, covered the Abyssinian War for the Manchester Guardian, *and spent long periods behind the Spanish Government lines as a relief administrator. He is the author of "The Legacy of India."*



Rock of Gibraltar

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From Quebec to New England

THE DELUSSON FAMILY. By Jacques Ducharme. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1939. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

THERE is material here to make a novelist's fingers itch. Something like these events happened to something like these people during the last half of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth centuries; the stamp of veracity and the freshness of impact are so clear that the story might be remembered or heard experience. Jean Baptiste Delusson leaves his Quebec farm to take work in a Holyoke, Massachusetts, cotton mill. In a year or two his wife joins him. Their children increase to seven and grow up in the rapidly growing mill city. Jean shifts to carpentering, becomes a contractor, and makes money. The eldest son runs away, a daughter returns to Canada and marries, another boy joins the priesthood, and so on. The aging couple die, the younger generation carry on, still a family but a family now of Americans.

What this novelist has done with the material is another matter. It is careful, appropriately simple in treatment, at several points rising to vivid narrative; yet generally inexpert, undramatic; incomplete as a picture of life and sometimes awfully dull as a story. The author relies on synopsis or customary action, has no sense of what Phyllis Bentley calls "scene" and almost none for creating and presenting character. Details sprung from sense impressions are few because the author never got into his people; he stands outside too ready to comment or explain, even adding distressingly informative generalities. The style is clean and direct, with no highfalutin nonsense, but this idiom, neatly archaic in the early pages, never comes up with the years. The almost constantly shifting focus, from Jean to Cécile to Pierre to Etienne to Louise to Marie—to whoever appears in the story—makes deep interest in anybody difficult. And the narrowness of general view, with its resultant incompleteness—Well, sex is "certain things . . . not talked of in good society." Industrial exploitation is unheard of, the Delussons climb the financial (and social) ladder to capitalism with never a misstep, and toward the end even buy a farm (they already owned a tenement) to play on. The time span covers the World War, but the draft never reaches Holyoke.

Still this story should be read. Its faults are those of inexperience, and in spite of them it is superior to many novels widely touted because more pretentious. This slow growth of the American temper in French Canadians is worth watching, as is the idea of family surviving change. Jean Baptiste's death, and the marriage before Mass of Pierre to Anne Dulhut, are irresistible signs of what Jacques Ducharme can and may some day do.

Subtle Portrait

THE LONG DREAM. By Sigrid Boo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRIET COLBY

THIS Norwegian novel is a subtle psychological study of a neurotic and beautiful woman. It is more study than novel, more successful as portrait than as story. Dagrun Eid grows and unfolds before our eyes—lovely, restless, introverted, haunted by the desire for perfection, by a morbid sense of her own inadequacy, by a continual longing to "start afresh," unknown and with no entangling past, in new places and among new people. Her story is told partly in the present, partly in a series of flashbacks that show the family and childhood soil in which her frustration and unhappiness have had such excellent opportunity to flourish. Skillfully the curious interaction of temperament, circumstance, and coincidence is revealed—the source of her dread of relationships, of her conviction that she is burdened with an evil destiny, of her nervous habit of washing her hands, her horror of being anything less than spotless about her person. In love with one man, she was forced by convention to marry another. Living in a world of fantasy, she has transformed Steffen, the unattainable, from the dull and mediocre creature that he is into the one being with whom she could be happy. But the golden haze with which she has surrounded him is not so thick but that it can be penetrated by a colder light from the world of actuality; she knows that the real Steffen is not the paragon she has made of him in her long dream. With sudden and moving courage she places him in a situation in which he must fulfill her most cherished hopes or fail her utterly, and with his failure there comes the beginning of her freedom.

"The Long Dream" is not a polished, clearcut novel; but it is a thoughtful book with the light of truth upon it, and with a character who is recognizable as a living being, with a living being's rich and indefinable complexity.

Rumer Godden

Battle of Wills

BLACK NARCISSUS. By Rumer Godden. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

FROM time to time a novel appears which is definitely off the beaten path, which depends for its interest as much upon its atmosphere and its intended spell as upon its narrative. Such a novel must be very dexterously managed to bring about a complete effect, since an uncertainty in any part shakes the whole structure. "Black Narcissus" is a novel of this kind, and it is a very successful one. Rumer Godden has selected her time and place and people all from one out-of-the-world, circumscribed mood and within the circle she has chosen to draw she creates her own laws of cause and effect with consistency. The book must be accepted on its own terms or not at all. Whether or not "it could have happened" outside the pages of this volume is not an important question: the tale is told, the spell is woven, and to ask for more is to ask for a different book.

The story opens with action. A group of Anglican Sisters is making the difficult ascent to the General's Palace outside Darjeeling, in the Himalayas. Some mystery hangs over the Palace. Why had the Brotherhood been obliged to leave a year before when they had started out with such high hopes? And what of the evil days when the General's sister lived there and the life within was a scandal in the neighborhood? And before that, even, there was talk when the General kept his "ladies" within its high walls. A strange habitation for the dedicated Sisterhood, but the grant had been made to

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it as a group chosen to undertake the work of mission, school, and clinic.

Almost as soon as the little band reaches its destination, a change seems to come over them. Their natures take on strength and the tension of temperaments tightens under the strain. Instead of being a united body the sisterhood breaks inwardly into disparate forces. Each sister becomes more aware of herself. The past presses in upon them all in dreams and persistent memories. Outwardly events push towards a climax and the battle of wills continues dangerously. In the end, after the swift stress and storm have done their worst, the sisters are once again traveling—this time away from the General's Palace, back to safer ground where evil and time are kept at bay by a heavier atmosphere than in the thin high air of the Himalayas.

"Black Narcissus" might be called an adventure story on the psychological level. There is melodrama in it and characters are bent to the needs of the plot, but in the swift movement and unity of the story and the interest of the personalities, these strategems are easily overlooked.

A Proletarian Messiah

THE GLADIATORS. By Arthur Koestler. Translated by Edith Simon. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 398 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

AS Bernard DeVoto lately pointed out, not only the historians but the historical novelists are busy revising history in the new light thrown on it by this generation's experience; and the reinterpretations are naturally most flourishing in Roman history, as the period most comparable to our own. Not long ago Jack Lindsay pictured Catiline as the patriotic leader of a Popular Front; and now we have a proletarian novel about Spartacus and his gladiators, who hoped to persuade the slaves of Italy that they had nothing to lose but their chains; who dreamed—some of them, anyway—of establishing the Perfect State, the Kingdom of the Sun.

Arthur Koestler

Mr. Koestler is all for his proletarians, and very thoroughgoing about it; but experience has disillusioned him. The "little rounded, agreeable truths" of the liberals only concealed "the one great dreadful truth, that of mankind being still divided into masters and slaves." A liberal intellectual who joined the rebels eventually concluded that the "direct road" of killing everybody in your way—innocent and guilty, masters and slaves—was cleaner than the detours, "rotten compromises which the horde would never understand."

But the direct road led to ruin; the hopes of the general rising were wrecked at the very outset by atrocities committed on towns that opened their gates to the rebels; and at last when Spartacus lost control and half his followers chose a suicidal course instead of staying with the tough job of building the Perfect State, he realized that "from the bloody birthpangs of revolution again and again a new tyrant will be born; until at last the groaning human clod would itself begin to think with its thousand heads, until knowledge was no longer foisted on it from outside, but born in labored torment out of its own body." Well, but if a proletarian revolution cannot succeed until all men see the right and will it, there would seem little need in that happy day of so disturbing an event as a proletarian revolution.

As a picture of Italian life in the first century B.C. the book is effective; but like all attempts at the mass novel it diffuses interest among too many individuals, without quite succeeding in personifying the mass itself. Koestler shows you convincingly, through a score of characters, why people did or did not join the revolution, why they often acted contrary to their own interests; but you seldom care whether they did or not. Maybe only readers corrupted by bourgeois ideology would care anyway; but they are most of the people who buy books.

Even Spartacus himself remains shadowy. The most vividly drawn character in the book is no proletarian, but Crassus, with his cynical analysis of the economics of the decadent republic. Koestler's book could be more effectively organized; there is, however, a good deal of meat in it if you don't mind some tough chewing.

American Railroading

RAILROADS AND RIVERS. By William H. Clark, Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1939. 334 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

THE major values of this book are in its workmanlike account of the origin, operation, and vicissitudes of the great American railroad systems, east, west, and south. It rescues from oblivion and weaves into a smoothly running story a number of events the significance of which may have become blurred to the general reader. Not the least of its services has been to give an intellectually honest appraisal of American railroading. While the author pays his respects to the financial skullduggery of the Drew-Fisk-Gould era in the East, to the Credit Mobilier and other such phenomena farther west, he concludes:

> The only losers in early railroad building were investors. Everybody else was the gainer. The government's lavish grants of land to the railroads were its best investments, increasing the values of adjacent public lands a number of times, making possible a transportation system which greatly enhanced, sometimes even tripled, the value of agricultural products in new territory and thereby caused it to be populated. The men who pioneered the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe and other Western roads—like those who pioneered the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the B & O, and others of the eastern group—were the real builders of America. Also, the very enthusiasm of the builders, their faith in the future, while it created our transportation system, is chargeable with perhaps its biggest handicap: they built railroads into regions that could never support the charge, or in competition with other roads in belief that the country would expand so as to support all of them.

A pointed chapter outlines the experiment of Government operation in the World War and after—in thirty-two months a total loss of nearly $1,400,000,000, with the roads fallen behind in equipment to the amount of 250,000 cars and 4,000 engines. In another and valuable chapter the author brings up to date those improvements which spell "the attainment of modernism in comfort and beauty"—and speed. Perhaps he pulls his punches in his treatment of regulation under the Interstate Commerce Commission. Though his title does not promise it, he has interesting things to say also about roads and trails.

But this otherwise meritorious study is too sketchy in its treatment of the waterways of America, nor is it always exact. However, its sketch of "the Indian-type canoe, the most graceful evolution of a small boat in existence," is so well done as to make one almost overlook its faults.

Clark B. Firestone is the author of "Sycamore Shores."

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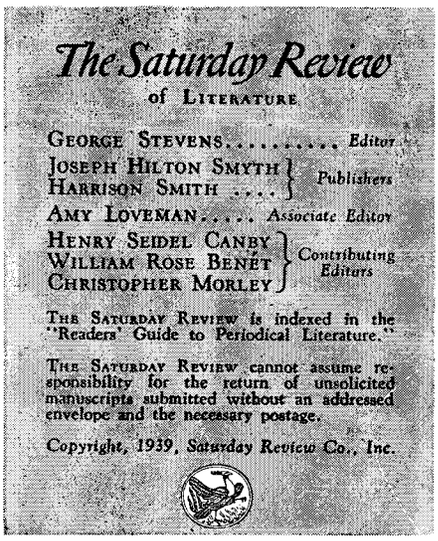
The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Domesticating Modern Art

AMERICANS had their first opportunity, with the Armory Show of 1913, to become acquainted with Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, Rousseau, Redon, and the Cubists. On that occasion vice crusaders discussed the morality of the "Nude Descending a Staircase," Daniel Chester French denied that Maillol was a sculptor of talent, and art students burned Matisse in effigy.

Twenty-six years later, the Museum of Modern Art celebrates its own tenth anniversary, opens the doors of its thoroughly modern new home to the public, and in the current exhibition, "Art in Our Time," reveals the progress of a quarter century not only among the practitioners of modernism, but in the attitude of the public toward experimentalism in art. When the Armory Show was held, modern art was "foreign" to us in two senses — geographical and psychological. Now, the financial stringencies of European countries geared to a war economy, and that ostracism of modern art by authoritarian regimes which drives artists-in-exile to America, have combined to make our country in a real sense the home of modernism. In this work of domestication, the first decade of the Museum of Modern Art stands, in the words of its President, a "precocious accomplishment." Primarily an educational instrument, a "laboratory," as its Director explains, in whose experiments "the public is invited to participate," the Museum has in these years acquired a permanent collection of nineteenth and twentieth century masters. It has held one hundred and twelve temporary exhibitions attended by a million and a half people. It has published half a hundred superb "catalogues" which, with their introductions and notes, were far more than a mere record of the works shown—Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, Van Gogh, Prehistoric Rock Pictures, American Folk Art, Modern Architecture, Photography, Dada, Surrealism, and the Art of the Machine. The Museum has circulated traveling exhibitions, has given lectures and shown important films. In addition to its Departments of Painting and Sculpture, of Architecture and Industrial Art, and its Film Library, new departments of Graphic Arts, Photography, Theater Art, and Commercial Art are in process of formation.

The director of the Museum, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., has just edited a volume entitled "Art in Our Time"* which, with its three hundred and seventy-one plates, is much more than a mere pictorial roll-call which includes most of those who, in one medium or another, have fought the modernist campaigns. It reveals also the distinguished and influential part which the laboratory in West Fifty-Third Street has played in creating a more intelligent, a more tolerant, a more genuinely critical attitude toward the eccentricities and the iconoclasms of our time. Wealthy connoisseurs now consider the collecting of old masters not their only means of encouraging public taste. Critics are less eager to dismiss modernism as a subject beneath their notice; schools and universities no longer think of modern art as troublesome continuation of nineteenth-century art; admitting that art cannot live indefinitely on its past reputation, they make room for Picasso in the curriculum. Controversy with regard to the claims and accomplishments of those who distort and those who abstract now proceeds on a higher level of intelligence than in the days when wild men were accused of drawing "crudely" because they could not draw "correctly."

If modern Art has ceased to be considered a conspiracy by a subversive minority, and is studied and judged as a new approach not only to nature, but to man's task of turning to esthetic and practical advantage the new forms, the new materials a new age has provided, a large share of credit can be claimed by the institution whose tenth birthday coincides with The World of Tomorrow.

OLIVER LARKIN.

Simultaneously with the New York World's Fair the New York Museum of Modern Art has been holding an exhibition which draws large crowds daily.

Oliver Larkin is on the faculty of Smith College.

*ART IN OUR TIME. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: 1939. 384 pp., with index. $2.

Reading Time: 1 Minute 26 Seconds

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

THE fear of poetry is the
fear : mystery and fury of a midnight street
of windows whose low voluptuous voice
issues, and after that there is no peace.

That round waiting moment in the theatre
theatre : curtain rises, dies into the ceiling
and here is played the scene with the mother
bandaging a revealed son's head. The bandage is torn off.
Curtain goes down. And here is the moment of proof.

That climax when the brain acknowledges the world,
all values extended into the blood awake.
Moment of proof. And as they say Brancusi did,
building his bird to extend through soaring air,
as Kafka planned stories that draw to eternity
through time extended. And the climax strikes.

Love touches so, that months after the look of
blue stare of love, the footbeat on the heart
is translated into the pure cry of birds
following air-cries, or poems, the new scene.
Moment of proof. That strikes long after act.

They fear it. They turn away, hand up palm out
fending off moment of proof, the straight look, poem.
The prolonged wound-consciousness after the bullet's shot.
The prolonged love after the look is dead,
the yellow joy after the song of the sun,
aftermath proof, extended radiance.

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Letters to the Editor: *Rebuttals on Two Reviews*

"South American Primer"

SIR:—I should like to utter a mild squawk against Howard Trueblood's peeved and picayune review of Katherine Carr's "South American Primer" in the *S.R.L.* for June 24. The gentleman protests too much.

On the basis of five alleged inaccuracies, Mr. Trueblood generalizes about "the author's apparent lack of knowledge of the field" and her "whimsical disregard for the facts," etc. That's pretty strong language, in any language.

Of the five named "inaccuracies," he admits that three are "relatively minor." . . . Mr. Trueblood finds two major "errors": — (1) Mrs. Carr's "bald assertion that Great Britain was the 'principal source of supply for Latin America' before the war;" fact is that U. S. had *just* caught up to England *just* before the war, although it was unquestionably the war which clinched for the U. S. its dominance of Latin American markets—a dominance which for decades, up to about 1910, had been England's. And (2) Mrs. Carr's reference to U. S. domination of a market "in which we buy so little;" yet Mrs. Carr's context clearly shows she meant "so little" compared to the amount which South America has for sale and wants to sell and which certain European nations would very much like to buy, if only they could cut into U. S. sales in S. A.

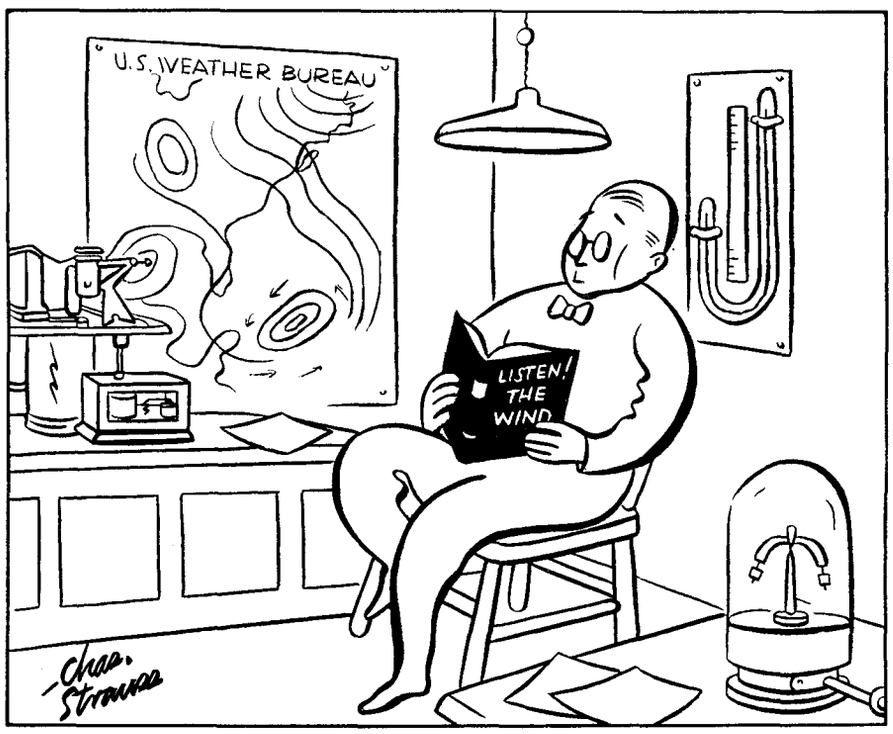
Herewith a few facts for the Foreign Policy Association's intemperate Mr. Trueblood:—Mrs. Carr lived for several years in South America; later headed *Fortune* Magazine's research for its South American articles; based most of her book on facts and statistics readily verified in *Fortune* files and elsewhere, as well as on her own personal knowledge; based much of her slant toward exploitation of South American resources on a contempt for U. S. business methods in S. A., acquired from first-hand contact.

One would never guess it from Mr. Trueblood's review, but Mrs. Carr's book actually puts scant emphasis on the industrial and commercial activities which so worry Mr. Trueblood; for, as she shrewdly makes clear, those activities have little effect on the squalid lives of the South American people. Mrs. Carr, having no axe to grind, writes mainly about the people.

FRED RODELL,
Professor of Law.
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Trueblood Replies

SIR:—I have read with interest Professor Rodell's "mild squawk" against my "peeved and picayune review of Katherine Carr's 'South American Primer,'" but found nothing in it either to alter the opinions I expressed or to challenge the accuracy of my factual statements.



Obviously, my conclusions were not based on five errors. The five cited were selected to show the range of the author's misstatements. There are many others, some of which lie too close to the shadowy border of half-truth, or are too complicated by the author's point of view, to have permitted discussion in the compass of two brief paragraphs. . . .

Professor Rodell goes somewhat afield in dealing with the trade statistics to which I objected. If, as he says, the United States caught up with Great Britain (*i. e.*, in supplying the Latin American market) just before the war, why does he object to my statement that Mrs. Carr erred when she said Great Britain was the "principal source of supply for Latin America" before the war and shared this trade with Germany? Does this indicate that she is aware of the fact that the United States had attained a leading position in this trade?

On the second trade point, there is absolutely nothing in the text to sustain Professor Rodell's unsupported assertion that Mrs. Carr "meant 'so little' compared to the amount which South America has for sale and wants to sell." At this point, Mrs. Carr was discussing our trade with *Latin* America, and in the very next sentence (p. 172) she makes the remarkable assertion: "We are proud of our 'favorable' balance of trade, which means that we sell more to Latin America than we buy." This statement alone is sufficient to justify my contention that all her trade data are open to serious doubt. Perhaps she examined only the record for 1938, when a series of unusual circumstances resulted in a "favorable" balance of $79,000,000. In 1937 the United States bought $66,000,000 more than it sold to Latin America, in 1936 $100,000,000, while the annual average surplus of imports was $118,000,000 in 1931-1935 and $155,000,000 in 1926-1930.

Let me repeat that I have not generalized on the basis of five inaccuracies but simply selected a few examples to illustrate a lack of research.

HOWARD J. TRUEBLOOD.
New York City.

"The British Common People"

SIR:—I have only just seen Mr. W. Notestein's attack on "The British Common People," by G. D. H. Cole and myself. In general I think authors should not reply to attacks on their books; if Mr. Notestein dislikes what he calls "left" writers, that is his affair. But direct misrepresentation of facts should be answered, and I hope you will permit this.

Mr. Notestein suggests that the "tables of statistics . . . were drawn from the collections of reformers out to prove their case" and tells his readers to be "wary of the conclusions about wages and the cost of living." He makes but little pretense of having read more than the first eighty pages. Within that space the authorities on which the tables and

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Double Vision

DUINO ELEGIES. By Rainer Maria Rilke. The German text, with an English Translation, Introduction, and Commentary by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1939. 130 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WITH the translation of the "Duino Elegies" most of the work of Rilke, from the comparatively simple early prose to the late and often baffling poetry, is now available to the English reader. The newest, and in many ways the most important, of the presentations will enlarge the reader's conception of the Austrian poet who created a new German style. But it will not ensure Rilke a large American audience.

There are many reasons for this. For one thing, there is the style itself. Before he died thirteen years ago at the age of fifty, Rilke had discarded definite lucidity for indefinable abstractions and a sense of "charm" for austere images whose suggestions are often wholly outside the more-than-average reader's comprehension. For another thing, there is the limitation of language. Even Germans find it difficult to understand many of Rilke's final utterances, because he was attempting to make the mind and tongue express more than the tongue could utter and the mind could shape. The idiom wavers between delineation and incantation, between a descriptive exactness and a rush of crowded rhetoric. Here he sometimes resembles Gerard Manley Hopkins, another mystic. But, even in the midst of verbal turbulence, Hopkins carried the reader with him in headlong exuberance, whereas Rilke's progress was slow in pace and uncertain in direction. Hopkins, for all the occasionally errant leaps, took a fairly familiar road, the road to Rome; whereas Rilke, for all his measured steps, frequently took his reader, if not himself, down a spiritual blind alley.

But the greatest obstacle to a complete enjoyment of the later Rilke is the difficulty of the subject matter and its transformation into speech. In his last phase Rilke sought tangible equivalents for the invisible. He attempted to unite the actual world and the inner universe, appearance and vision. He, too, struggled to show infinity in a grain of sand and looked at every object "from within, as though an angel, in whom space was included, were blind and looking into himself. This world, regarded no longer from the human point of view, but as it is *within* the angel, is perhaps my real task."

Rilke, in short, set himself not only to maintain but to translate a state of revelation. Sometimes he succeeded in communicating the incommunicable; mostly, however, the inner experience refused to be externalized. That is, Rilke's symbols too often remain private; they come close to the edge of common consciousness and tremble breathlessly on the verge of communication, but—except to another pure visionary—they do not eliminate the barrier of the senses; they do not make a fusion of the inner and the outer world.

Nevertheless, in spite of its divided consciousness, Rilke's later work has profound imaginative and spiritual values for all but the most insensitive. There is nobility, even magnificence, in his double vision which continually strives to unite thought and action, desire and will, fantasy and fulfillment, in a simultaneous and sustained flash. The attempt has been ably rendered by the translators, and Mr. Leishman's Introduction and his comprehensive interpretations are much more than the "commentary" which he modestly calls them. There are, as there inevitably must be, several arbitrary passages. But, as a whole, the work is everything that a translation can hope to be.

Louis Untermeyer is the author of a Life of Heine and the translator of Heine's complete poetical works.

On the Italian Front

SARDINIAN BRIGADE. By Emilio Lussu. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

APPEARING twenty, fifteen, or perhaps even ten years ago, this personal chronicle of a year of trench warfare on the Italian front would have produced a literary and popular sensation. Today the general "with revolving grey eyes" like those of a lunatic who orders senseless frontal attacks, the conversation on music cut short by a sniper's bullet, and the lieutenant-colonel who is drinking himself to death to preserve his sanity have few shocks to offer us. We met them long ago in "Good-bye to All That," "The Men I Killed," and any number of other volumes. It is no longer a surprise to learn that the high command can be stupid, or that the ideals for which men fight can lose validity when the fighting consists not in exciting personal contest but in daily struggles with boredom and insufficient nourishment where the only visible enemy is a piece of metal or a stone parapet.

Emilio Lussu

The differences in experience betweeen the present case history and those that have preceded it are mainly provided by the Italian sense of theater—as when one of the futile attacks is ordered to take place to the accompaniment of bugles blown all along the line. ("I went through four years of war without hearing a bugle till I was taken prisoner by the Italians," a German officer has commented.) As far as the exterior goes the book is one more document in an already extensive literature, the literature of "My Experiences in the Great War."

The book deserves high marks all the same. Against many of the other articulate World War memorialists there has lain the imputation that they were essentially non-warlike types caught into the dragnet of the conscription armies. They did their duty under compulsion, remaining unconvinced both as to the value of the institution of which they formed a part and as to the real existence of the menace to the things they were being asked to protect with their lives. One frequently wishes to see a fitness report from some impartial source on these disillusioned soldiers.

Emilio Lussu is on a different plane. He holds all the decorations a wartime Italian could get for courage, and he climbed steadily up the ladder of promotion. He did not, as he candidly said to a general, like the war. But neither did he shirk any part of it, even intellectually. To the end he was convinced it could not be avoided, and that its net result would be a gain—for somebody, if not for himself. At a time when a new war is brewing in which ideals promise to be deeply engaged, his book thus has special point; the point that the soldier who enters this new war, from impulses however genuine, will find the process the same frightening, disgusting, and boring business his father found it.

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The Mark Twain Society

BY BUNKER BLAISE

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Edward Krafft

Cyril Clemens at home: Kirkwood, Mo.

SEVERAL years ago, a lanky, raw-boned young man, who looked surprisingly like Ichabod Crane in his pepper-pot suit which yawned at the neck and lapped over his shoes, stood up before a group of St. Louis merchants to give a talk on railroads. He wasn't on his feet five minutes before he had lapsed into his favorite subject—Mark Twain. For a full hour, to the distraction of the Program Committee, he lectured on "Mark Twain's Religion." When he finished, he smiled shyly all around, and sat down. Cyril Clemens, literary ambassador-at-large and President of the International Mark Twain Society, had gotten in one more plug for his illustrious relative.

Clemens's most recent broadside for posterity is a book entitled "My Cousin Mark Twain" (Rodale Press, Emnaus, Pa.). The fact is, Clemens's great-grandfather was a cousin of Mark Twain's father. It is difficult to say what that makes Cyril; but whatever the relationship, it has been encouragement enough to provoke one of the most singular careers in the realm of *belles lettres*.

The International Mark Twain Society is probably the most remarkable society of any kind, anywhere. Like the famed Junto Club in "Zuleika Dobson," it has only one active member —President Clemens. But its roster of nominal associates is a more imposing list of heavyweight and light-heavyweight celebrities than that of any organization since the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Its business stationery proclaims it "A Society Whose Province is to Knit the Whole World in Bonds of Cultured Peace." In the upper left-hand corner the letterhead goes on to identify the Honorary President as that benign old pacifist, Benito Mussolini. This anomaly does not disturb Clemens at all. The discrepancy has, indeed, occurred to him; but he believes, in fairness to Mussolini, that Il Duce's politics should not obscure the main point, that the man is a Mark Twain fan. The society hasn't had a meeting since 1927, the year it took Mussolini in and attained international proportions. It has no constitution, no by-laws, no dues, and perhaps more vice-presidents than all the National Banks in the country. No record has been kept, but if you give Clemens a minute or so, he can think of about a hundred offhand.

Originally the society was just a local group of sociable people who enjoyed visiting each other's homes for a comfortable talk and a snack of supper. They used to meet in Kirkwood, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis where most of them lived, have a jolly time, and go home feeling pretty good about Mark Twain. That, however, was before 1927, when they made Cyril Clemens president and things started happening. Now the society has over a thousand members in almost every line of distinction from thirty countries, and the fireside group has broken up.

When he took over office, Clemens began writing to outstanding personages all over the world, inviting them to be honorary vice-presidents. Replies came from most of them saying they were delighted to accept and grateful for the honor of being singled out for the distinction. The Earl of Inchcape and Strathnavor, Chaliapin, Marconi, Field Marshal Sir Edmund Allenby, President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, Lord Grey of Fallodon, Ramsay MacDonald, Raymond Poincaré, and Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch (all now deceased) signed up right away. So did Dino Grandi, King Boris of Bulgaria, Baron Charnwood, Dean Inge, Baron Munchausen (the real one), Yako Hanaguchi, Emilo Aguinaldo, the Duke of Hamilton, premier peer of Scotland, Lloyd George, and Vihjalmur Stefansson. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, the Duke of Sutherland, Sigmund Freud, Carl Milles, Jeritza, Dr. Hugo Eckener, George Santayana, Li Ching-fond, and the estimable Countess of Oxford and Asquith, all proved themselves Huck Finns at heart.

While it is not a prerequisite for eligibility, the majority of the members are connected with literature in one of its higher or lesser forms: George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann, W. Somerset Maugham, H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany, Abbé Dimnet, St. John Ervine, Aldous Huxley, and Rupert Hughes, to name a few. There are exceptions. The society hasn't Robert Graves, the author of "I, Claudius," for one, and it hasn't Bertrand Russell for another. Mussolini has caused a little trouble.

When the society, or more correctly, Clemens, invited Robert Graves to become an Honorary Vice-President, he replied, "My admiration for Mark Twain prevents me from accepting a vice-presidency to Mussolini, the enemy of all Huck Finns." Bertrand Russell shouted, "Mussolini is a man I hold in utmost abhorrence!" Don Marquis humorously rejected the society's offer of a vice-presidency: "It's a matter of principle," he wrote, "not to let a foreigner like Mussolini have a higher office than mine, even if he is funnier than I am." Robert Bridges, the former poet-laureate of England wrote in a faltering hand, "I do not think the Mark Twain Society shews any special claims to my association with it." (His successor, John Masefield, accepted cheerfully.) Einstein said, *"Nein, danke schön!"* Sin-

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clair Lewis, Hervey Allen, and Arnold Bennett said they weren't joiners, never were, and weren't going to start now. Very politely, of course.

President Clemens is seldom abashed when he's sent a rejection. He can't bring himself to believe people are serious, because they write such nice letters. Some years ago, about the time that Haile Selassie was being cornered by Italian bombers in Addis Ababba, Clemens was preparing a book of tributes to Mark Twain written by famous people. He wrote Robert Graves again and asked him to send one along. To Clemens's surprise, Graves had really meant it. The author wrote back, next mail:

> Sirs:
>
> Four or five years ago you invited me to be an Honorary Vice-President of the International Mark Twain Society. I refused then on account of Mussolini's Honorary Presidentship of the Society. Thinking the matter over, now, I have decided that if you can persuade the King of Abyssinia (a devoted student of Mark Twain) to accept a co-presidentship with Mussolini, I shall be ready to accept one, too. This will make a committee of five because the King of Abyssinia is a trinity in himself, and Mussolini will have only a 20% vote at committee meetings. When all this is arranged, the Presidental Committee will consider the question of tributes to Mark Twain on the occasion of his centenary.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> ROBERT GRAVES

Clemens has found that kings, as a rule, make it a policy not to join anything. The only kings he has are Boris of Bulgaria, Leopold of Belguim, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy. But, if you want to know how to get Mussolini to join your club, here's how he did it. He wrote to Mussolini direct at his home address, Palazzo Venezia, and offered him an Honorary Presidency. In a short while the Italian Consul of St. Louis called on him at his home in Kirkwood, Missouri. The Consul, after questioning Clemens closely, learned that there were few official duties and no dues, made some notes on a letter he had from the Italian Ambassador, and went away. Several weeks later Clemens received a letter from Rome saying His Excellency would be happy to accept. It's as simple as that.

In 1930 Clemens personally gave Mussolini the official Mark Twain Society medal for that year, inscribed "Great Educator." Mussolini later reciprocated by sending $200 for Clemens's centenary fund, an almost unheard of thing for him to do. Il Duce hasn't been called on for much administrative work. Clemens asks him once in a while to O.K. a prospective member, but always takes the precaution of learning the person's politics beforehand. Mussolini always O.K's.

Long before Cyril Clemens finished college at Washington University in St. Louis he was fairly bursting with Twainiana, writing books and giving lectures before every audience he could find. When he graduated, it was evident that he had no inclination for any ordinary job. He wanted more than anything to continue his life as an ever-rising reservoir of facts and footnotes on his famous relative. Fortunately, Clemens had a small private income, and prosaic cares didn't interfere. In the little house in Kirkwood, where he lives with his wife, he has spent his time ever since spreading the gospel of St. Mark, soliciting new vice-presidents for his society, writing books, and preparing about forty lectures a year.

When Clemens gives a lecture it's usually a singing success for Mark Twain. Audiences find what he has to say instructive, entertaining, and well-delivered. But the effect of Clemens's personality on his listeners is something else. His pale blue eyes, under eyebrows so blond as to be invisible at fifteen feet, have a perpetual look of abstract absorption, like the look of a Capuchin monk, or a scholar who's been up all night reading by candle-light. His listeners sometimes get the uneasy suspicion they've been looking on a reincarnation, and go away a little nervous. Because he gives the effect of being ageless, some one will have to tell you that Clemens is thirty-six.

Twice Clemens has gone to Europe to lecture at the Sorbonne, and before French, German, and Italian Rotary Clubs. He doesn't ask payment for his lectures, considering it reward enough to get one off his chest. Regarded as a little strange by his Middle-Western neighbors, Clemens is warmly welcomed abroad, especially in England where they take literary societies and literary society presidents more seriously than they do in America. The British have put him in their "Who's Who" ever since 1935; the American editors never have.

For purposes not exactly clear the society has committees of various kinds. It has a Dramatic Committee headed by George Arliss, a Biography Committee under Winston Churchill, a Poetry Committee directed by Alfred Noyes, and a Numismatics Committee headed by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. These committees, though usually in a rather loose condition, rally on occasion and give advice or judge a contest. Also, since 1929 the society has been awarding Mark Twain medals to outstanding club members who Clemens feels are deserving. In 1932 Clemens gave the society's medal, inscribed "Great Orator," to President Roosevelt for his campaign speeches. Clemens is pretty sure Roosevelt wrote the speeches because when he handed him the medal and pointed out that the phrase, "New Deal," came out of "The Connecticut Yankee," Roosevelt smiled handsomely and said, "If my speeches were well-written, it's because I've always read Mark Twain." This year the medal is going to Neville Chamberlain, who will be entitled the "Modern Pericles."

About five hundred authors have each autographed his favorite work and sent it to the society. Clemens has given the books to the Library of Congress on the condition that they be kept as a permanent collection in the Mark Twain Memorial Room. The Library of Congress also guards the collection of signed photographs sent by authors at the society's request. George Bernard Shaw is there with his head in his hand saying, "I hope this tickles Mark Twain, because it certainly tickles me."

Space does not permit a full discussion of the multifarious activities of the Mark Twain Society. It's as busy as a clock the year round. All told, the society has brought out about a dozen books. For some reason they don't move very fast, though they're all thoroughgoing, earnest little works. There was "Mark Twain & Mussolini," by Cyril Clemens that went two hundred copies. There was "Mark Twain's Religion," by Cyril Clemens (200 copies), "Mark Twain, the Letter Writer," by Cyril Clemens (300 copies), and "The Literary Education of Franklin D. Roosevelt," by Cyril Clemens (200 copies). Clemens's latest book, "My Cousin Mark Twain," has created something of a stir in academic circles. The Mark Twain Estate has demanded its suppression on the grounds that it "is full of unauthorized and frequently garbled extracts from copyright material." Clemens insists he went to original sources for his book. "They feel they own Mark Twain, even his name," he protests, "and have had the temerity to suggest I change my name."

One of the ambitions of the International Mark Twain Society is a Mark Twain postage stamp. When Clemens saw Roosevelt he put the proposition up to him, pointing out that, if Whistler's mother had one, Mark Twain certainly ought to have one. Roosevelt is reported to have smiled and asked Clemens how he'd like to have a Mark Twain half-dollar. But somehow nothing has come of that, and Clemens has gone to work on a Mark Twain postage stamp again. He hasn't brought the matter up with Postmaster Farley—doesn't think Farley is especially literary.

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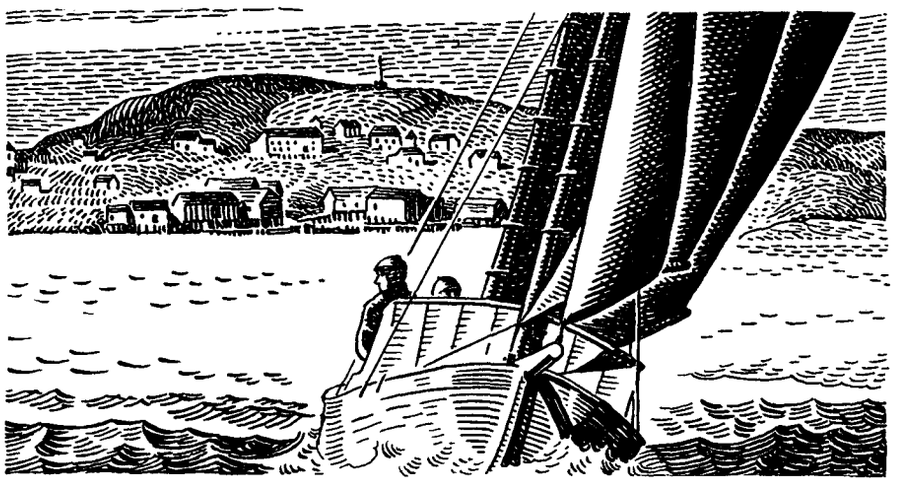


"We Simply Sailed"

NORTHERN LIGHTS. By Desmond Holdridge. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 240 *pp.* $2.75.

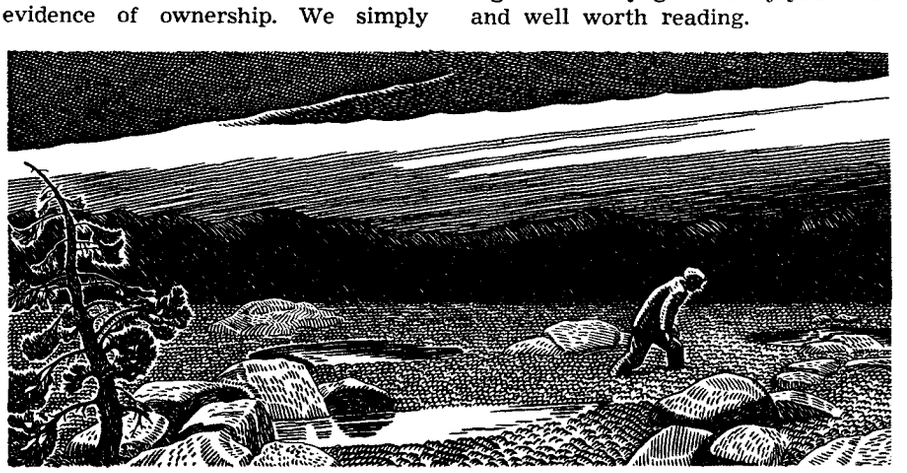
Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

THIS is a gaily written book, the story of a much traveled man's first voyage. Written with the perspective of later years, there is nevertheless a kind of nostalgic yearning for the carefree impudence and daring of youth.

At the age of twenty, knowing nothing of boats or navigation and very little of sailing, Desmond Holdridge bought the first boat offered him within his price range and, with two older men, set off for Labrador and Hudson's Bay. Although older, his two companions seemed equally inexperienced in all practical matters. The navigation fell to Holdridge, as owner and technical "skipper," and his first venture found him one hundred and fifty miles from the spot he thought that he had reached.

The whole expedition was entirely haphazard. As the author himself says:—"Characteristically, we did not bother to obtain clearance papers, registration, bills of health or even evidence of ownership. We simply sailed." Their objective was equally hazy. At one time they considered prospecting, although none of them knew the first thing about it and they had not even a pick or a shovel in their equipment. They carried no charts, and there was no room for a dinghy or tender of any kind, so that, in the unknown and sometimes uncharted inlets of the Labrador coast, their only way of going ashore was to run the bow of their tiny schooner against the land and jump. And because they needed more supplies and had no money with which to purchase them, they sold the engine out of their boat to a fisherman in Battle Harbor and proceeded north with no power but their sails.

Throughout the entire story, however, there is a distinct impression that of all the well organized, carefully planned expeditions in which Mr. Holdridge has taken part, none was as much fun as this first one. And strangely enough, for all its vagueness and apparent shiftlessness, it was of value, for Alexander Forbes, who mapped Northern Labrador from the air, acknowledges a debt of gratitude for the information obtained from the log of their voyage. It is a joyous book and well worth reading.



Illustrations, by Edward Shenton, for "Northern Lights."

Slow to Change

IMPERIAL GERMANY AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 343 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

FOR economists, neglect in life is a prerequisite if not a guarantee of fame in death. Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Thorstein Veblen never enjoyed the encomiums that were theirs, yet their renown beyond the grave is truly startling. Changing conditions in the real world bring new issues to the fore, and the continuing efforts of students lead to improvements in scholarly techniques—developments that establish a high rate of obsolescence for the social sciences.

The reissue of Veblen's "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" twenty-four years after it was first published reminds one that among the thousands of uninspired academicians and the tens of thousands of inspired literati who write of men and nations, there are a few great masters. Their work is characterized by a sensitivity for significant problems, but it is a sensitivity controlled by expert craftsmanship.

The World War, the Treaty of Versailles, the Weimar Republic, the invasion of the Ruhr, inflation, acute depression, Hitler—all this and more has been unable to date Veblen's analysis. As Joseph Dorfman remarks in his introduction, "his cosmic spirit again impresses a world that cannot escape from his persistent influence, because he understood its drives."

The book starts slowly. Veblen has sport with racial theorists, cultural chauvinists, political nationalists. With strokes so deft that they can scarcely be followed, Veblen proves that biologically, culturally, politically, western Europe is of one piece: the genes are thoroughly mixed; every nation has borrowed from and contributed to the common fund of the arts and sciences. Having established the biological and cultural interdependence of the peoples of western Europe, Veblen proceeds to his major task of analyzing the differentiating characteristics of modern Germany. Specifically, he contrasts the two leading industrial nations—England and Germany.

In England, a political and philosophical revolt of substantial moment went hand in hand with the advances of modern technology. By the middle of the nineteenth century when the industrial revolution had hit its full stride, democracy was no longer novel and materialism was the philosophy of the day.

Germany matured late, in fact she has not yet completely matured. Her

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industrial development post-dates Napoleon, a period that found Germany dominated by the absolutistic state and subservient to transcendental idealism, vicious masters that still control her body and spirit.

Despite these limitations and in part because of them, Germany's industrialization was able to proceed apace; a docile and healthy laboring population proved a great boon. But Germany's rapid progress was above all the result of liberal borrowings from the accumulated industrial experience of Great Britain, enhanced by freedom from the burden of obsolete machinery and overcapitalized property. Starting late had, however, specific disadvantages. Industrialization was the stepchild of the government, and since the dynastic state was keyed to expansion by force, military preparedness became the focus of economic reform.

Unchecked by a democratic tradition or a materialistic bias, the Hohenzollerns had little difficulty in skimming the economy for the military. In England, the surplus was divided between the conspicuous expenditures of the wealthy and the reduction of labor efficiency by universal indulgence in sport.

To prosper, industrial capitalism needs peace and international trade, not war and self-sufficiency. Unimpressed by industrial capitalism, peace, or international trade the German war machine dealt all three a body blow in 1914-18; Hitler promises to deal them the death blow.

Veblen sees hope neither for Germany nor for Europe until the ghosts of Frederick the Great and Emmanuel Kant are finally laid; until the German populace emancipates itself from the bondage of the absolutistic state and cultural paranoia. But fundamental revolutions are always long in the making and Veblen, therefore, has little hope for this generation or the next.

With Chamberlain's umbrella and Hitler's moustache usurping the center of the stage, Veblen's analysis is methodologically important as well as substantively significant. Yet praise for his approach does not imply adulation. Like all monistic theories of history, Veblen's technological interpretation has serious shortcomings. The long-run trend is only a cumulation of short-run episodes, and though technological factors may limit the short-run, they do not necessarily predetermine it. Biography and accident are part of history. But history must be more than biography and accident for else a book written a quarter of a century ago could not remain the best guide to the most terrifying country in Christendom.

"Napoleon IV"

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL. By Katherine John. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 392 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

ON March 16, 1856 was born Napoléon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, whose name was shortened familiarly to Louis after the christening. His parents, the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, were at the very peak of their popularity. The successful termination of the Crimean War was their triumph. All Europe admired them as exponents of a practical liberalism. They had achieved even a hint of domestic respectability, thanks to the unexpected friendship of Victoria,

The Prince Imperial

who had not hesitated to speak out her praises. Eugénie had suffered two miscarriages before the matronly advice of Victoria had persuaded her to avoid hot baths, but now at last there was a Prince Imperial. Both Emperor and Empress saw the political wisdom of attributing the miracle to their sister monarch's interest.

Few children could have had so formidably bad an upbringing. Not only was he an only child, but he was also the only hope of a dynasty that proceeded to grow shakier and shakier. His father was the epitome of the indulgent parent, and his mother's cantankerously inconsistent interferences were not along lines that a psychologist could approve. He was petted, spoiled, openly praised for his peccadilloes, secretly encouraged in his resistance to tutorial discipline. And in spite of all this he grew into a promising lad who, at the age of fourteen, could face disaster and exile with considerably more courage than his father and infinitely more grace than his mother. In England he proved the quality of his manhood. Like any British youth he went to Woolwich to train for the army; he took his studies with extreme seriousness, placed well in his classes, gradually assumed the responsibilities of Bonapartist leader, captivated London with the charm of his address and the integrity of his character. Victoria, who never forgot the advice she had given, was as proud as Eugénie. The inactive life of a royal refugee, however, was incompatible with so much ambition. With the Queen's blessing and under special protection he went off to the Zulu War in South Africa, but the protective measures were inadequate. An incredible blunder on the part of a Lieutenant Carey left him exposed to Zulu fire, and fighting single-handed he died on the field.

As his biographer, Mrs. John has not played up the tragic side of his career. She has, to be sure, rather fallen for the glamor of a Prince Charming, but with a smile at her own self-indulgence and with plenty of humorous quips at the expense of her humorless hero. She is obviously halfway in love with him, his period, even his family, but she is too sane and too bright to be sentimental about them. Instead, she presents them with a deft irony that is both depreciative and affectionate.

Thoreau in History

(*Continued from page* 4)

cumstance. There is a straining tensity in Thoreau, and a frequent distortion of human relations, which makes him seem, in comparison with the greatest writers, emotionally immature, and is reflected in the unevenness of his style.

But he was and is, without qualification, a great critic of values in living; perhaps, considering the radical and realistic application of his criticism to the trend of a century, the greatest critic of values among modern writers in English. This is because of the homeliness of his own experience, and because of his habit of referring every speculation to himself and to Concord. Like Socrates in this respect if in no other, he talked always of his townsmen and of himself, who were real people in a real environment. I am aware, of course, that his times were fruitful in criticism of the values men set upon their ways of living. Carlyle's career was built upon such criticism. Ruskin carried it into a war against the debasements of industrialism. Emerson set new values for souls starved by formalized religion. Yet it was only Thoreau who went into the desert like the Egyptian eremites to live his belief. And it was Thoreau who spoke di-

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rect to the condition of everyday men caught in the quiet desperation of difficult careers—men who were not speculative, not even religious, yet unable to do what they wanted, even to know what they wanted. His account of the pressure of subsistence upon freedom, upon happiness, upon content, came closest to the general problem of a rapidly industrializing society.

It was to preserve what for him were essential values in living that he took his stand for civil disobedience, and for a life based on principle. Carlyle's loud cries for heroes to set new ideals for society reverberate through marginal regions where dictators wait their opportunity. Emerson appealed to spiritual impulses already confused by the revelations of science. Ruskin, rich man and aristocrat, would have driven out mass production, without which the masses could never be prepared for civilized life. In contrast to these preachers and orators was Thoreau's simple test of the makers of programs and pronunciamentos — I shall see how they treat me first. In a century of growing collectivism, where the balance between the rights of the individual and the needs of the state was to swing precariously toward the loss of personal freedom, his is the most manly, most common-sense voice. "Here is coloring for half a dozen Socialisms," said Alcott, writing of Thoreau. If an individual is to remain a person, he himself and not a belt-driven wheel in a machine, what does he need and how can he keep it? That was his theme.

But theme alone is no preservative of reputation. The final and most important cause of Thoreau's lasting success is his power over words. At his best he is a superb writer, one of those shapers of language who give age-old ideas their final form. Thanks to this, his sentences and paragraphs escape from the dead hands of time.

Of course, he was by no means always or often at his best. His writing is like some of those old Concord houses he liked to clamber over, impressive in spite of many faults in design and execution. He is too mannered, too inconsecutive, too unrestrained, to be numbered among the impeccable talents who can be safely imitated. But we quickly forget makeshifts and experiments if a masterpiece comes out of the disorder. Thoreau's best nature studies are good not on account of their science but because of the flowing garment of words. They are good because they are interesting, they are interesting because of the "perfect correspondence" between nature and the scene as felt and as described by the observer. His chapters on values, his declarations of private independence, are not so much philosophy as a creation in words of the man himself. He understood very well that intuition, thought, and imagination are not enough. Therefore he learned how to make sentences ring in the memory.

Without this power of style Thoreau would still be a good subject for a Stracheyan study of a noble eccentric, and a theme for social historians. As a writer who could transform imagination into words themselves creative of thinking, he has a more significant place in biography. If his style is himself, it is equally true that all that he had gets into his style.

Thoreau has earned his high place in modern literature, but there are many moderns ranking with him in eminence who do not have the peculiar timeliness which readers today are finding in his books. He has become timely in a way which would have surprised his friends, who prophesied that some day the world would recognize its greatest poet-naturalist. That has not happened—there was too much poetry in Thoreau's natural history for such a reputation. But if we are better naturalists than he could have been, we have also learned that some of his favorite topics, such as the correspondence between man and nature, are far more important than his scientist-contemporaries realized. The strain of living in a high-pressure society, whose tempo increases year by year, has but recently begun to make us understand that the dependence of man upon his natural environment is many eons older than our need of the gadgets which we have invented for our comfort, and is far more necessary for physical and mental health. Also, we have learned from our psychiatrists the psychological importance of an outgoing of love, whether for a woodchuck, a bird, or a woman. Thanks to psychological studies, we are now well aware that the suppression of instinctive desires by conformity to a conventional pattern of worldly success may be disastrous to the personality. And, on a more material level, in America, we see clearly at last the results of the destruction of our heritage of woods, water, and wild life by the commercialism which, even in Thoreau's day, was felling all the noblest trees in Concord. All this is in Thoreau, with the freshness and vigor of prophecy.

His doctrine of simplicity seems to be more appropriate to the economy of scarcity from which it sprang than to the economy of abundance which is now at least possible for civilized man. This is not true. Thoreau's idea of simplicity was to sacrifice the inessential for the essential. He would have heartily enjoyed a bathtub if he could have bought one without paying too much for it in unprofitable labor and valuable time. But worship of technical skill while wisdom remained adolescent seemed to him a tragedy of unregulated energy. World history since 1914 has proved that he was right. The doctrine of simplicity, as he outlined it, supplies a standard of values, without which an economy of abundance can be a mere fattening yard for Thanksgiving turkeys.

In this also Thoreau is timely. As one of the modern advocates of this economy of abundance, R. H. Tawney, has said:

> The burden of our civilization is not merely, as many suppose, that the product of industry is ill-distributed, or its conduct tyrannical, or its operation interrupted by embittered disagreements. It is that industry itself has come to hold a position of exclusive predominance among human interests, which no single interest, and least of all the provision of the material means of existence, is fit to occupy. Like a hypochondriac who is so absorbed in the processes of his own digestion that he goes to the grave before he has begun to live, industrialized communities neglect the very objects for which it is worth while to acquire riches in their feverish preoccupation with the means by which riches can be acquired.

Most timely of all, perhaps, are Thoreau's ideas of personal independence. It is personal independence which is being threatened on every hand today. In a society like ours, built upon an intricate technology which must be kept working, abstract principles of individualism may be abstractly true, and yet have little relevance to the business of living unless they can be applied without turning off the current, breaking the water pipes, halting the trains, and stopping the milk. Thoreau was able to live without the utilities in a hut in the woods; but that recourse solves none of our problems. His more important contribution to our thinking is a ringing definition of the values which the individual must, and can, preserve, even against the pressure of a mechanized society or a totalitarian state. Thoreau's stand was for himself, on his own Concord soil. It may seem to the pessimist to have been merely the obstinacy of a man fortunate enough to be born in a century when human rights were still respected. But the obstinacy itself is his message to the future. If human rights are to be preserved for the citizen, someone has to be obstinate, and particularly today. Although no political party will ever adopt his program of self-searching individualism, no private man, determined to keep the essentials of freedom, can afford to be ignorant of this philosophy.

The foregoing article, with some expansion, will constitute a chapter in Mr. Canby's "Thoreau: a Biography," to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

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Freedom and Famine

HUNGER AND HISTORY. By E. Parmalee Prentice. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 269 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

A FEW years ago Dr. Hans Zinsser's "Rats, Lice, and History" showed how fascinating to layman and specialist alike a neglected field of social history could be made. Mr. Prentice's history of hunger suffers by comparison with Dr. Zinsser's history of typhus. Mr. Prentice's narrative lacks flow, his materials seem undigested (we make the metaphor innocent of punning intent), and his book is heavy with a thesis.

The thesis he states in a brief epilogue. "If food, and other necessities of life are adequate in quantity and variety and if men are free, there will be industry. If savings are secure from confiscation and debasement, there will be thrift. And an industrious, thrifty people make a prosperous and rich nation." Up to about 1750, Mr. Prentice maintains, there wasn't enough food because men didn't know enough about agricultural techniques, and hadn't adequate transportation facilities. But with "freedom" came science and industry, and thence for the first time abundance of food. If we can keep our freedom, we can keep our abundance. All this is fairly old stuff. Herbert Spencer and others said much the same thing two generations ago.

Mr. Prentice certainly exaggerates the rapidity of the transition from starvation to abundance. The record before 1750 is surely not so bad as he makes it out to be. Periodic famine was common enough in ancient and medieval days, even in the West. But it seems unlikely that the masses in the Roman Empire or in medieval Europe were constantly on the edge of starvation. On the contrary, there is every evidence that the Middle Ages represent a steady progress in technique, so that by 1300 in western and central Europe men had finally emancipated themselves from slave labor, had harnessed wind, water, and animal power to attain something like relative abundance.

The great trouble with histories of the masses is that, until the very recent development of economic statistics, we have only literary sources to depend on. The picturesque early authorities on whom Mr. Prentice depends so much were sincere enough, no doubt, but they were pamphleteers and propagandists, not trained statisticians. To rely on what Segni writes in 1602 about the advantages for the poor of bread made from acorns, lupines, and dried roots may be no better than relying on what our contemporary Mr. Ralph Borsodi writes about the advantages of goat's milk and homespun. In a certain sense, chroniclers and historians of the past, like newspapermen of the present, have had to note the exceptional. The Black Death was news, even in the fourteenth century: just managing to live never was news.

No doubt the last two centuries have made spectacular increases in the span of individual life, and in the numbers of individuals we can feed and keep alive. But you can make no simple correlation between these facts and "science" and "freedom." What happened to produce what we still call the Industrial Revolution was probably of very great complexity indeed, involving variables Mr. Prentice never mentions. And to imply, as he does, that government "interference," totalitarianism, socialism, New Deals, and the like must inevitably cancel all our gains and bring about wholesale starvation, is to go well beyond the facts. He may be right. But Soviet Russia, now that the crisis of 1932-33 is past, seems to be rather nearer abundance than Russia ever yet has been.

Doubts as to the validity of Mr. Prentice's thesis should not obscure the fact that he has written an unusual book, full of materials the orthodox historian has passed over. His learning is rather crabbed, and he repeats himself unduly. He takes his sources too much at their word, always dangerous when you are dealing with men of letters. But he has dug out a lot that has remained in the obscurity of special libraries, and he has stated clearly a problem of major importance: what is the relation between the food supply of the masses and what we loosely call "civilization?"

The New Physics

SPARKS, LIGHTNING, COSMIC RAYS. By Dayton C. Miller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 192 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

PLANETS, STARS, AND ATOMS. By George E. Frost. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1939. 287 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. HARRISON

PROFESSOR MILLER'S book, subtitled "An Anecdotal History of Electricity," is compiled from three Christmas Week Lectures for Young People, which he delivered at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1937—and inspiring lectures they were. Before they were given, Dr. Miller and his assistants devoted much time to preparing ingenious demonstrations showing how electricity can be collected, stored, carried about, studied, and utilized in various ways. In putting the lectures together in a book the author has been content to reproduce them in much the same form as that in which they were given—one can almost hear the lantern slides click into place as Fig. 2 pops up in the middle of a sentence. Lack of experiments is compensated for, as much as possible, by nearly ninety excellently chosen illustrations.

Professor Miller's high competence as a physicist insures the correctness of his facts and their orderly presentation in tracing the growth of man's ideas of electricity from early Greek times to the present day. The emphasis is almost entirely on "static" as opposed to "current" electricity—that is, on apparatus involving high voltages rather than large currents. To this extent the sub-title is a misnomer, for such important electrical devices as motors, dynamos, and batteries are not even mentioned. This lack arises, somewhat naturally, because the lectures are concerned with the nature of electricity rather than with its many applications.

It is not surprising that Ben Franklin, as patron saint of the Institute under whose auspices the lectures are given, comes in for a large share of attention; and rightly, for Franklin's reputation as the first great American physicist has been somewhat dwarfed in the public mind by his other attainments.

"Planets, Stars, and Atoms" is a less successful attempt to present the facts of elementary astronomy and astrophysics, with bits of ordinary physics dragged in. The author obviously started out very conscientiously to explain in a simple and logical manner how the universe is constructed, but his material gives the impression of having been compiled on cards which never did get strung together properly. A short paragraph on "Aurora polaris" is followed by one on "Mass and Weight," and that by a section on "Magnetism." Though most of the astronomical facts appear to be stated correctly, when the author deals with atomic physics he impresses the reader as viewing his subject from a great distance. This impression is probably enhanced by the constant use of such phrases as "apparently it is estimated that" and "is said to be." Many statements are vague, and a few are downright incorrect.

When the author cannot find the right word he is likely to offer the reader a choice of two wrong words; thus plane-polarized light, he says, "exhibits contrasted *properties* or *powers* in opposite *parts* or *directions*" (italics mine). Nevertheless, in spite of its occasional errors of fact, its poor organization, and its literary limitations, the book is filled with excellent material, contains a fine series of star maps, an excellent glossary of astronomical terms, and is well illustrated and indexed.

George R. Harrison is on the staff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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The Far Northwest

THE LURE OF ALASKA. By Harry A. Franck. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1939. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

MR. FRANCK has browsed all over the world and written about his meanderings. Such travel narratives naturally cannot and do not lay claim to completeness and authority. Still, this latest title suggests a somewhat more definitely self-appointed task than the many previous versions of "Vagabonding through So-and-So Land." The choice of Alaska was timely and happy, since as contemporary travel abroad grows less attractive, the attention of Americans turns increasingly to their own land, a trend which the Federal government is seeking to foster.

The theme is challenging. Alaska is a geographic empire, the greatest habitable wilderness remaining on our planet. Superimposed on the map of the United States it would touch the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Mexican and Canadian borders. Within this immense area are the loftiest peaks of North America, the highest in the world rising directly from the sea, thousands of miles of sensational fjord-indented coast, the vastest glaciers, the largest areas of virgin forest in the temperate zone, active volcanoes, abundant wild life, the unique totem-pole culture. It is the last frontier. Among Alaskans survives the American genus, pioneer: the struggle to wrest a living from nature in much of Alaska still takes precedence over conflict with one's fellow man.

Of these fundamentally alluring aspects, Mr. Franck's book reveals little. One searches in vain for descriptions of the stupendous scenery, of the unique contrast of sea and high mountains, of untrod forests, of myriad lakes and waterfalls, of the brilliant colors of massed flowers. There are data about game, but no sense of the thrill of seeing several thousand caribou leisurely cross the trail within a stone's throw, of moose and bear leaping away into the brush, of mountain sheep and eagles aloft. Casual references are made to some aspects of the frontier spirit ("The Friendly, hospitable room-for-all-atmosphere of Alaska") but Mr. Franck has really missed Alaska's epic quality.

Less important a shortcoming in such a travel narrative are many inaccuracies: space permits mentioning only a few. Mr. Franck speaks of the thermometer dropping below—80° at Bettles and Wiseman. Alaska's lowest recorded temperature is—76° at Tanana. "Four-fifths of the whites are males." The 1930 census ratio is 2.28 to 1, not 4 to 1. Matanuska Colony had 201 original families, not 245. "More than 10,000 acres are now under cultivation" in the Matanuska Valley. It is less than half that area. He says that the Copper River Railroad cost $17,000,000. It was $24,000,000. The Alaska Railroad " . . . has been annually more than a million in the red . . . until last year." The fact is that the Alaska Railroad has lost more than a million in but three years of the 14 of its operation, 1925, 1926, and 1930; its steadily disminishing deficits in the six years from '31 to '36 averaged a quarter of a million dollars, and in the years '37 and '38 there has been a profit—a highly creditable showing. The *North Star* is referred to three times as a revenue cutter. It is no part of the U. S. Treasury Coast Guard service, but conducted by the Division of Territories chiefly for the benefit of the Office of Indian Affairs in Alaska. Cook's inlet tide is given at 60 feet—38 feet is the highest recorded difference between flood and ebb tide. "Oats, rye and barley produce more abundantly in some parts of Alaska" than in the States. Alaska partisans wish it were so! Among Mr. Franck's various plaints is that Americans, non-residents, who go to Alaska have to pay $50 for a hunting license, twice the cost to an alien. The reverse is true: the alien has to pay $100. Mr. Franck credits Anderson and Taylor with the first, Hudson Stuck with the second, ascent of Mt. McKinley. On this still controversial issue he should have consulted Edwin Swift Balch's objective "Mt. McKinley and Mountain Climbers' Proofs."

Mr. Franck's "The Lure of Alaska" is far below his "Roaming in Hawaii," which with some success conveyed the atmosphere of those lovely isles to the reader. That is the essential requirement of a travel book. Mr. Franck has done and can do a lot better.

Ernest Gruening is Director of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions, U. S. Department of the Interior.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER BETWEEN DARK AND DARK *Max Long* (Lippincott: $2.)	Whites on Pacific islet stage modified mass-murder. Urbane Hawaiian sleuth—without epigrams—plods unerringly to surprise finish.	Intrigues—business and amorous—of giddy islanders make ripe setting for killings, and for Kamoko's common-sense deductions.	Competent
ALL CONCERNED NOTIFIED *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	One violent death in mid-town hotel, two in eerie Manhattan mansion run Insp. McKee and able helpers almost ragged.	Outstanding for action, detection and sharply etched characters—although one important link in evidence is handed McKee on platter.	Capital
DEATH RIDES A HOBBY *Royce Howes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bomb in camera decapitates dept.-store head with photography bug. Capt. Ben Lucias develops many-angled case.	Shock of exceptionally gruesome slaying softened by Lucias' unusual methods and antics of several over-exposed eggs, male and female.	Leicable
THE COUNSELLOR *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Friend of missing English girl asks radio-confidant to come off megacycles and find her. He does—also encounters murder.	Mark Brand, "the Counsellor" is refreshing new figure in mystery fiction. Plot of tale beautifully tangled and unravelling admirable.	Extra good

First-class puzzle; action by the gallon; attractive characters; charming background

False to Any Man

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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Journalist Jeremiah

DISGRACE ABOUNDING. By Douglas Reed. London: Jonathan Cape. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

MR. DOUGLAS REED is a very angry man. So angry, in fact, that it is difficult to decide just whom he dislikes the most—Nazis, Jews, Tories, Laborites, Hungarian landlords, British peers, Hitler, Chamberlain. Last year, Mr. Reed upbraided the rulers of Europe in "Insanity Fair," a justly popular survey of events down to the *Anschluss* of March, 1939; this year, he excoriates the authors of the Munich Agreement and warns the British public of impending disaster. Greed, ambition, cruelty, and self-interest everywhere —disgrace abounding—have brought Europe to the volcano's edge, perhaps so far beyond the edge that a return is impossible. For this present and future catastrophe, Mr. Reed blames almost everyone who has money or power, especially in England. Like most foreign correspondents today, he attempts to be both journalist and Jeremiah.

"Disgrace Abounding" necessarily contains all the merits and defects of its predecessor: illuminating historical material, vivid reporting, personal interviews and conversations, acidulous epigrams, as well as excessive length, episodic treatment, and inconclusive evidence for sweeping generalizations. Mr. Reed wanders back and forth across Europe—describing palaces and cafés, monuments and corpses, kings and peasants—and introduces an extraordinary amount of local color, reactions to the prevailing crisis, and shrewd judgments on men and events. The American who has already taken a Gunther, Gedye, Hindus, Schuman, or Van Paassen tour of Europe will not find many new thrills and horrors in this new guide book, but will encounter an impressive appeal to the British public for courageous action and honest statesmanship. If there is truth in the frequent reports that the British are compelled to rely more and more upon books for the news suppressed or distorted in the press and radio, then such a forthright volume may actually contribute to contemporary diplomacy.

The admirable objectives which Mr. Reed sets forth as imperative, even though he sees little hope for their fulfillment, are marred by his one obsession. The anti-semitism that ran through "Insanity Fair" becomes even more virulent here, and provokes harsh outbursts against the British who have aided Jewish refugees rather than the Germans who have persecuted them. Mr. Reed produces what is really an English version of "Mein Kampf," for he condemns the Jews for ruining the countries of Central Europe, then for seeking to escape National Socialism, and finally for seeking freedom in Britain and America. While he is doubtless correct in some of his descriptions and judgments, he is grossly unfair in applying them indiscriminately, since no generalization about a race or a nation is ever wholly accurate or just. Mr. Reed advocates severe restriction and control of Jews wherever found, and establishment of a "Jewish National State somewhere." What is that, may one ask, but a combination of the totalitarianism which Britain professes to combat and the muddling vagueness of principle which Mr. Reed attacks in British diplomacy?

Air Raids and Public Morale

AIR-WAR. By W. O'D. Pierce. New York: Modern Age Books. 1939. 224 *pp., with index.* 50 *cents.*

Reviewed by MAJOR JOHN H. BURNS

THIS is a thought-compelling book, even though one may be in disagreement with a part or all of it. The chief flaw is trying to cover too much ground in a field that is more than chaotic—air war. The technical part about aircraft, their development and possibilities, seems sound and well handled. Viewing the larger aspect of war, the author sees generals—in larger war matters—as inferior to their civilian contemporaries. Furthermore, he tells how in military control "the Soviet system has developed a new open democratic method." Both these statements are on a par and have yet to be proved.

The latter part of the book, on morale, is excellent. In fact, a whole book could be written on this subject. It is needed. The author's treatment of military and civilian morale and the human reaction to air attacks is something that needs deep study. However, the Spanish Barcelona collapse was not due to aircraft, but indicates only the air pursuit of a beaten army. After all, Madrid held out to the end despite all air attacks. The ground arm of war is still dominant.

In his general conclusions Mr. Pierce states, "It is foolish to believe that there is some fundamental defect in the make-up of man which prevents him from living in peace and brotherhood with his fellows." To those who know men and not books alone, this is hard to believe. It indicates that the basis of the book is pure intellect alone, and gives the reason for the bookish, doctrinaire tinge in certain sections. It is the capitalists who control, he states, and "So against his will . . . the common man is driven down the road to war." James Harvey Robinson had a clearer conception of humankind. The reading of his works would be an excellent antidote to the doctrinaire parts of this book. The common man likes danger and will, in some circumstances, enthusiastically accept war. Keeping him engaged in it for several years is another matter.

Southeast of the Nazis

THE POLITICS OF THE BALKANS. By Joseph S. Roucek. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1939. 168 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

JUST now the Baltic region is in the news spotlight and Danzig is the center of world interest. But serious students of European affairs will not forget that other parts of the Continent are also playing parts in the current drama of power politics. Just as the fate of Czechoslovakia was influenced by events in Austria, Spain, Ethiopia, and China, the Polish crisis is affected by events in other areas of Europe.

Hitler's pressure against Poland may be increased or decreased by the internal politics of Greece, the territorial revisionist ambitions of Bulgaria, the terroristic activities of the Macedonians, the minority troubles in Rumania, or Yugoslavia's attitude toward the Axis partners. While the Duce belabors France and the Fuehrer challenges Britain, both dictators keep wary eyes on the Balkans. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Balkan nations are playing an important role in the current clash between the Anglo-French "peace front" and the German-Italian coalition.

"The Politics of the Balkans" sets out to give the reader an objective and realistic analysis of affairs in the "high tension zone of European power politics." The author takes us on a political tour of the Balkan nations and appraises and interprets as we go along. He introduces us to the Macedonians and shows why these war-like people exert an influence on Balkan affairs out of all proportion to their numbers. The duel between France and Italy for Balkan hegemony is described; Hitler's bid for Balkan control is appraised; and Dr. Schacht's barter penetration is discussed. Yet Professor Roucek points out that the Balkans "have proven several times to be the graveyard of imperialistic dreams."

This timely book is a lucid interpretation of a state of affairs that every student of world events should understand. It is an excellent work that should have a place in all libraries and on all reference shelves of European politics.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 276)

JONATHAN EDWARDS: "ON SINNERS"

O Sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in. . . . The infinite might and majesty and terribleness of the omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you in the ineffable strength of your torments. It is everlasting wrath.

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Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and author	*Age & Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
THE STORY OF HORACE. *Alice M. Coats* (Coward-McCann: $1.75)	5 and up Both	Cheerfully bloodthirsty folk story of a charming, voracious bear. Child psychologists may shudder, but children won't.	Grand
LAPPY IN THE FOREST. *Stera Bosa* (Dutton: $2.)	4-8 Both	A rabbit which sets off through the forest to learn about the wonderful creatures which Mother Nature has put there.	Rather dull and obvious
TWENTY JATAKA TALES. *Retold by Noor Inayat.* (McKay: $2.)	8-12 Both	Twenty stories of nature and animals, from the legends about Buddha. Illustrated by H. Willebeek Le Mair.	Pretty cosmic & remote
MASHA *Marguerita Rudolph* (Macmillan: $1.50)	8-12 Girls	Mild adventures of a little goose girl in the Ukraine.	Pleasant but mild
ADVENTURE MAY BE ANYWHERE *Ruth Manning Sanders* (Stokes: $1.75)	9-13 Both	Adventures of children vacationing on the Cornish coast. Good for reading aloud.	Superior entertainment
HOBBY HORSE HILL *Lavinia R. Davis* (Doubleday: $2.)	9-14 Girls	A summer spent by a little girl with a "horse crazy" family in Connecticut.	Pleasant and fresh
ESCAPE TO PERSIA *Katherine Hull and Pamela Whitlock* (Macmillan: $2.)	10-14 Mostly Girls	Further adventures of the six lively boys and girls who first appeared in "The Far Distant Oxus".	Good
SKYCRUISER *Howard M. Brier* (Random House: $2.)	10-16 Boys	A "kid fresh out of flying school" wins a job as test pilot. Fast adventure against a setting of hectic air industry.	Thriller
THE BOYS' LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE *Lowell Thomas* (Appleton: $2.)	10-16 Boys	Lowell Thomas's swift-moving story of the remarkable and extraordinary Lawrence revised to include the last, less glamorous chapters of his life.	Good journalese
THE BOY'S BOOK OF INSECTS. *Edwin Teale* (Dutton: $2.)	10 and over Boys	A very complete guide to the study of insects for beginners written with enthusiasm, clarity, and accuracy.	Very good
THE MICROBE MAN *Eleanor Doorly* (Appleton-Century: $1.50)	10 and over Both	A life of Pasteur for young people, likely to be an inspiration as well as an engrossing story.	Well and sympathetically written
REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS *Federal Writers' Project Works Progress Administration* ($2.25)	All ages Both	A comprehensive natural history of snakes, turtles, salamanders, and the like. Well illustrated, well written, accurate, and interesting.	Excellent handbook
FLOOD IN GLEN HAZARD *Maristan Chapman* (Appleton: $2.)	12-16 Predominantly boys	A vivid story of the coming of the flood and its descent on a Tennessee mountain village and especially of how the young people rose to meet the disaster.	Very good
BOYS' CLUB *Max Siegel* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	12-16 Boys	How eight neighborhood boys built their club into a large organization, and won the support of the citizenry.	Not enough zip
THE GIRL WHO WAS MARGE. *Edith Tallant* (Lippincott: $2.)	12-16 Girls	The unusual experiences of two American girls in a Grenfell Mission in Newfoundland. Convincing background.	Well written story
MIKE OF COMPANY D *Don Aspden* (Scribners: $2.)	High school Boys	A stray terrier is adopted as mascot of an overseas Company during the World War. Light summer reading for men, as well as for the younger fellows.	Good story of its kind
THE HIRED MAN'S ELEPHANT. *Phil Stong* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Older boys & girls	Extraordinarily good-humored tale of what happened when an Iowa farmer added a superior elephant to his stock.	Excellent entertainment
NOTHING BUT DOGS *K. F. Barker* (Macmillan: $4.)	The older the better	The care and treatment of Man's best pal, and its various breeds. Not properly a juvenile, and not well written.	Advice presumably good
FIGHTING FIRE *Burr W. Leyson* (Dutton: $2.)	10-16 Boys	Behind the scenes in a big city's fire department. Thrilling stories of actual rescues, with vivid accounts of the various apparatus and bureaus in action. Photographic illustrations	Exciting and informative

Saturday Reviewers

ELMER DAVIS

When Elmer Davis was at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship he entered a debate on the topic: "In the opinion of this house residence at Oxford involves a subtle disintegration of moral fibre." Mr. Davis brilliantly advocated one view, and unconsciously illustrated the other. It seems only natural that he was elected president of Oxford's American Club.

Even then he was cultivating his interest in foreign affairs and politics. He spent his summers away from England, travelling extensively in Germany, and as far as Turkey.

Upon his return to America he became a reporter for *The New York Times;* and, eventually, the paper's feature man on American politics.

While he was with the paper, he wrote "The History of The New York Times." Later he poured his sardonic wit and practical experience into an excellent newspaper novel, "Friends of Mr. Sweeney." Since then Mr. Davis has written other novels and many short stories. He also wrote the Constitution of The Baker Street Irregulars—the only puncture-proof legal document in the history of jurisprudence. He is a frequent contributor to *Harpers Magazine.* He is a sound scholar in Roman history and apocalyptic literature; and he taught, in an Indiana high school, the classics and classical history. Mr. Davis has been a Saturday Reviewer for years.

He was born in Aurora, Indiana, on January 13, 1890. He married Florence Macmillan in 1917, and he has a son and a daughter. His summer home is in Mystic, Connecticut; otherwise, he is a pragmatist. In New York City he is, as he says, "One of the ancient landmarks of Morningside."

By subscribing to The Saturday Review (special offer: sixteen weeks for one dollar) you can enjoy his fine mind and his humor.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

420 Madison Avenue New York

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The New Books

Belles-Lettres

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by H. W. Garrod. Oxford. 1939. 572 *pp., with index.* $10.

Does any lover of Keats shudder to learn that in the "Ode to a Nightingale" the poet wrote first, not "magic casements" but "the wide casements," not "perilous seas" but "ruthless seas"? If so, he is not the person to appreciate fully the critical apparatus in H. W. Garrod's excellent edition of the poems of Keats. For Mr. Garrod's purpose is not so much to establish the Keats canon as to "go behind" the text in order to disclose the poet's "first fingerings and gropings." A foolish and profane task, some will think, thus to subject immortal poetry to the "touch of cold *Philology*." Yet Mr. Garrod rightly believes that no great poet is injured by textual analysis. How much may be gained is another matter. At all events Mr. Garrod devotes a fifty-page introduction to a minute but highly condensed discussion of problems relating to "the sources for the text of Keats." Following this comes a series of appendices concerned chiefly with the collation of transcripts. The text of Keats, which forms the bulk of the volume, is provided with a complete list of variants. The apparatus as a whole constitutes an immensely learned and distinguished service which will be indispensable to textual scholars, handy for collectors, and of considerable use to critics seeking to interpret the art of Keats. Even the general reader (in library — not on walking-tour) would not do amiss to possess this substantial volume, for the poems are beautifully printed and the scholarly rigging is kept in its place by expert typography.

A. C.

Fiction

THE HAPPY END. By Ben Ames Williams. Illustrated by Churchill Ettinger. Derrydale Press. 1939. 240 *pp.* $7.50.

THE MOON IS WANING. By Scott Hart. Illustrated by Edwin Megargee. Derrydale Press. 134 *pp.* $7.50.

In his book on "Modern English Usage," the delightful Mr. Fowler pointed out that the development of sports-writers' slang was caused by the necessity of describing a great number of events which were after all very similar. In the same way, writers of sporting fiction seem to find that the possible variations are limited; witness the experience of the Derrydale Press, a publishing house devoted to sporting books; their books on technique are often splendid, but in the field of fiction they offer for seven dollars and a half such stories as "The Moon Is Waning," a commonplace tale which deals with a Virginia backwoods 'possum hunter, a lovable old ne'er-do-weel who has had brothers past counting since Rip Van Winkle founded the American branch of the family, and which tells us of the schemes of his over-virtuous wife and the revivalist preacher against his shiftless happiness — schemes which never even appear to have the small chance of success necessary to the narrative interest.

"The Happy End" is considerably better, being a collection of a number of Ben Ames Williams's short stories and sketches dealing with fishing, shooting, and similar subjects. Mr. Williams has prefixed a long introduction which many will find the best thing in the book, telling in a mood of convincing and warm reminiscence of his pleasures and friendships afield, and of the circumstances which were the starting-points for some of the stories. Also, Kenneth Roberts, brother sportsman, who figures to some disadvantage in one of the sketches, is allowed a preface in which he gives his version of the story, which is considerably harder on Mr. Williams. Altogether, this is a pleasant book; but even here, to make up the book, some repetition has been allowed: two of the stories are evidently different workings of the same incident, and in the opening paragraphs setting the stage for others, there are almost identical passages, which might well have been removed in editing this compilation. Both these books are handsomely produced and bound, as all Derrydale books are; both are illustrated by pencil sketches which (as is too often the case with Derrydale fiction) have none of the distinction which the format demands and seems to promise.

B. D.

International

THE ALBANIAN STRUGGLE IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. Compiled and written by Members of the Federal Writers' Project of Massachusetts. Boston: The Writer, Inc. 1939. 161 *pp., with index.* $2.

Whatever the economic and political disadvantages of the Federal Writers' Project in the eyes of a Congressman, its literary significance cannot be gainsaid. This W.P.A. unit, by undertaking investigations too large for a single scholar and too expensive for a commercial publisher, contributes greatly to our knowledge of American history and social conditions. Typical of the Project's coöperative research and attractive composition is this remarkable study of Albanians in the United States, sponsored by the Albanian Historical Society. Here are all the problems of the melting pot, described in terms of one of its smallest ingredients—a few thousand Albanians, most of them in Massachusetts. Against the background of turmoil and poverty along the Adriatic, the Project portrays the ambitious but bewildered immigrant, enduring the horrors of New England mill towns in order to secure a foothold in the New World or to assist a family in the Old. The effect of American industrial life upon the uprooted peasant is analyzed with sympathy and skill, for the Project's field workers talked with the Albanians of Massachusetts, read their newspapers and records, and understood their hopes and fears amidst a rapidly changing environment. Such an extraordinarily interesting study of one small element in our heterogeneous population makes it seem all the more regrettable that Congress—for reasons of economy and party politics—should have curtailed the useful activity of the Federal Writers' Project.

J. F. G.

Philosophy

NO COMPROMISE. The Conflict between Two Worlds. By Melvin Rader. Macmillan. 1939. 403 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Philosophers traditionally inhabit ivory towers far above the flux and flow of temporal circumstance, but this author, a professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, if he lives in an ivory tower at all, lives in one equipped with a greased pole lifted from civilization's firehouse. Mussolini rang the gong when he declaimed that the struggle between democracy and fascism can permit no compromise, and Mr. Rader rushes forth in his little red fire engine—not a very deep shade of red—and plays vitriol upon the whole of fascist doctrine. Not content with vilifying current merchants of fascist ideology, he heaps contumely upon their intellectual precursors, finishing with a list that includes, among many others, Plato, Machiavelli, Fichte, Hegel, Carlyle, Sorel, Le Bon, Treitschke, Pareto, Sombart, Gobineau, Chamberlain (both Houston Stewart and Neville), Spengler, Gentile, Sorokin, Mosca, Michels, and such Americans as Lawrence Dennis, Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, Thomas Nixon Carver, and Walter B. Pitkin. Not all of these thinkers merit the label of fascism, but all have contributed in one way or another to principles which play prominent parts in the fascist *Weltanschauung*. Religion, reason, law, ethics, and theories of race, the state, the individual, and the élite all receive abundant and detailed attention. The entire project represents an intellectualization of fascism which, far from elicting a philosophic calm or even the tolerance characteristic of an older liberalism, results in an acerb and corrosive book, at once a hymn of hate and a sermon of salvation. Those not now hostile to fascism, those who desire to intensify their

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present hostility, and those who want to know what fascism means both practically and theoretically, cannot afford to miss this brilliant attack. Some readers may write it off as another example of crisis literature, though even they will concede its superiority in philosophic insight and intellectual power.

R. B.

Travel

MODERN SWEDEN. By Cicely Hamilton. Dutton. 1939. 226 *pp.* $2.75.

Miss Hamilton's series of handbooks on modern European countries keeps up its very high order of excellence in the present volume. Not only because Sweden, thanks to the travel agencies and the fact that it is always peaceful, is being more visited than formerly, but also because it is the key to the Scandinavian countries which probably could not keep out of the next war, Miss Hamilton's interpretation is very welcome. She sees with no mere travel bureau eye, but with keen vision and sympathetic understanding. She describes the cities, the countryside, the people, and their customs with charm and suavity. Her style of writing borders occasionally on the quaint, but her thinking has nothing fuzzy about it. Aside from a somewhat venomous dislike of airplanes, she appears to have few prejudices to mar her excellent and suggestive ideas. While not exactly a guidebook, inasmuch as the imparting of pure travel information is not its purpose, this handy-sized volume can be wholeheartedly recommended to anyone visiting or intending to visit Sweden.

R. H.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

conclusion are based, as cited in the book, are these:

Gregory King (1688); Patrick Colquhoun (1812-13); Macpherson ("Annals of Commerce," 1785); Eden ("State of the Poor," 1797); Davies ("Case of the Labourers in Husbandry," n.d.—18th cent.); Arthur Young ("Tours," in the 1760s and 70s); Anon ("General Description of All Trades," n.d.—18th century); Miss Gilboy ("Wages and Eighteenth Century England," modern); Silberling's Index (modern).

These are merely the authorities who happen to be cited; curiously enough "the Webbs, the Hammonds" on which Mr. Notestein suggests we rely, don't happened to be even mentioned.

RAYMOND W. POSTGATE.

London.

Mr. Notestein Replies

SIR:—I read all the Cole-Postgate book. So far I have never reviewed a book without reading it through, save the *Dictionary of National Biography* volumes, where I have dipped in at many points. As for Postgate's assertion that the Webbs and Hammonds are not mentioned, see mention of the Hammonds on p. 216 and of the Webbs on p. 375. For use of the same phrasing as the Hammonds, compare the Charlson story, p. 171, with the same story in Hammond's "Skilled Labourer," p. 297. It is possible of course that Postgate and the Hammonds were both quoting the same source. Postgate covers so many matters dealt with by the Webbs and Hammonds that if he had not depended upon their work, and especially upon their references, he would have been taking much unnecessary time. I did not even imply failure on his part to use the source material.

For the use of statistical material, Cole and Postgate availed themselves of Eden, of Arthur Young, and of Davies's "Case of the Labourers in Husbandry." They are sources for a period in which there is little material, and Eden is of course a classic. But for criticism of those statistical sources along precisely the line upon which I raised doubts, see Gilboy's "Wages in Eighteenth Century England" (Harvard Press, 1934), p. xxiii. Miss Gilboy suggests that both Eden and Davies "may have been unconsciously biased." For a criticism of Eden and Young, see Mantoux, quoted by Gilboy, p. xxvii. One cannot read the footnotes in Clapham, "An Economic History of Modern Britain," without seeing how new facts are modifying the picture given by the early statisticians. As to Postgate's partisanship, compare for example his account of Henry Cooke of Micheldever (p. 218) with that given by Hammond, "Village Labourer" (p. 286). Both authors have a natural sympathy for the poor lad, but Hammond's phrasing is careful and precise.

I think that covers Mr. Postgate's case. But in rereading my review I am impressed that I was not generous enough to the vast amount of careful and considered work in the book. The book was not what its title had led me to hope, and it was long and dull (save for the first eighty-two pages). All reviews of books crowded with economic information should be held a few weeks until the reviewer has time to recover.

WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

New Haven, Conn.

Catalan Exiles

SIR:—I have received the following letter from a few of the Catalan exiles helped by the fund raised through the agency of *The Saturday Review* and other periodicals in which my letter soliciting contributions appeared. While the six months' period stipulated has expired, the need is still great, and I shall be glad to receive further contributions.

Dear Sir,

We are a group of Catalan writers now residing at the Château de

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Sixty years ago, George Westinghouse came upon an article in THE LIVING AGE describing the boring of the Mont Cenis tunnel in Switzerland, where compressed air had been used. As he read the article, his eyes lighted in sudden triumph. Here was the answer to the problem of the power brake, on which he had worked so long. If compressed air could be conveyed through pipes without losing its power to do work, then it could be used to set brakes on a train.

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Roissy-en-Brie, in the French Département of Seine et Marne. Our friend the novelist Francesc Trabal has made us share, according to our necessities, in the monetary help that our friends of the *Saturday Review* have been giving to us, with the Catalan writers who are now refugees in France. We are writing to thank you for your material aid and for the sympathy with us that this aid has so generously revealed.

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. Jordana, novelist and essayist; Domenec Guanse, playwright and novelist; Armand Obiols, essayist; Xavier Benguerel, playwright and novelist; Joan Oliver, poet and playwright; Pere Calders, novelist; Sebastia Gasch, art critic; Enric Cluselles, sculptor; Lluis Montanya, essayist and literary critic; Merce Rodoreda, novelist and Anna Muria, novelist.

HENRY S. CANBY.

New York City.

Hugh Williamson

SIR:—Dr. Hugh Williamson, a signer of the Constitution from North Carolina, was an eccentric gentleman of some capabilities whose activities during the Revolutionary War era were somewhat hazy, perhaps due to the fact that he seems to have been an "undercover man."

In view of a possible biography, I am trying to track down any old letters or MSS (preferably a diary) from his pen and I would be interested in corresponding with any of your readers who may have knowledge of such material.

HUGH W. NEVIN.

522 Grove Street,
Sewickley, Penn.

Margaret Fuller

SIR:—May I make the following request through your pages? I am at present writing a life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. I should greatly appreciate the favor if any of your readers who possess manuscript collections of her letters or journals which they would be willing to let me use would be so kind as to communicate with me at the address below.

TOWNSEND SCUDDER, III.

Yelping Hill,
West Cornwall, Conn.

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Double-Crostics: No. 277

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-U	2-L	3-E	4-D		5-W		6-H	7-R	8-J	9-M		10-T	11-E	12-P
	13-D	14-X	15-G	16-B	17-I	18-N	19-Q	20-K		21-R	22-U	23-T	24-H	25-X	26-E	27-N
28-I		29-V	30-R	31-A	32-X		33-N	34-H	35-Q	36-L	37-G	38-A	39-U	40-M	41-B	
42-G	43-A	44-S	45-W		46-S	47-E		48-G		49-P	50-C	51-O	52-T	53-H	54-K	55-V
56-J		57-N	58-E	59-S		60-D	61-C	62-E	63-A	64-Q		65-A	66-C	67-V	68-N	
69-G	70-I	71-F		72-C	73-M	74-F	75-A	76-E		77-Q	78-F		79-N	80-F	81-A	
82-Q	83-B		84-N	85-F	86-B	87-D		88-A	89-P	90-Q	91-B		92-L	93-C		94-O
95-S	96-C		97-I	98-P	99-K	100-C		101-P	102-B	103-F	104-R		105-B	106-I	107-J	
108-L	109-V	110-F	111-B	112-D	113-I	114-O	115-U		116-M	117-C	118-G	119-W		120-R	121-J	122-P
	123-R	124-D	125-U	126-H	127-P	128-I	129-E	130-L		131-D	132-H	133-X	134-K	135-N	136-M	
137-J	138-X	139-F		140-R	141-T	142-Q	143-B	144-D	145-M	146-L	147-F	148-J	149-K		150-O	151-X
152-J	153-G		154-F	155-B	156-G		157-D	158-S	159-V	160-Q	161-X	162-K	163-A	164-E	165-U	166-L
	167-R	168-V	169-S	170-L	171-U	172-W	173-H	174-O	175-X	176-C	177-T	178-E		179-W	180-B	
181-P	182-N	183-O	184-K	185-W	186-J											

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Reversion (biol.)

B. Prodigal.

C. Street in Chelsea (2 wds.)

D. Not intentional or conscious.

E. Capable of being voided.

F. Dedication.

G. Gruyère cheese.

H. Covered with broken stones.

I. Seventeenth president of the U. S.

J. In heaps.

K. Empty-headed persons (slang.)

L. Rudimentary sensation.

M. Marine snails used for food.

N. At or to any other place.

O. Loaded dice.

P. Hickory tree.

Q. Those who lack property (colloq.) (2 wds.)

R. Pickle.

S. Goddess of yearly crops (Roman.)

T. Member of college eight.

U. Illegal, disorderly.

V. Freeholders (Eng. and U. S.)

W. Asiatic evergreen with plum-like fruit.

X. Novel by Disraeli.

WORDS

81 43 75 31 88 38 163 63 65

143 111 86 102 41 105 155 83 16 180 91

176 61 117 96 66 100 50 93 72

124 4 60 13 112 144 157 87 131

129 3 47 58 11 178 62 164 26 76

139 80 85 78 154 103 110 74 147 71

156 37 15 153 69 42 48 118

132 173 6 126 24 34 53

97 70 106 17 28 113 128

137 56 148 107 152 8 186 121

99 184 162 134 54 20 149

36 108 92 2 166 170 146 130

116 73 40 145 9 136

182 135 79 27 68 57 18 33 84

94 51 150 114 174 183

12 89 127 181 49 98 122 101

64 90 160 142 19 82 77 35

167 120 7 104 21 123 30 140

44 59 158 46 169 95

141 52 10 177 23

39 22 1 165 171 115 125

109 159 168 29 67 55

119 179 172 185 5 45

151 138 32 25 14 161 133 175

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OUR two favorite books for pastime these warm weathers have been *The Brandons,* by Angela Thirkell (if word-of-mouth is what it used to be that novel should be rolling well) and *The Hopkins Manuscript,* by R. C. Sherriff. In the case of the latter, be careful not to let anyone give you any hint about the nature of the story, and be specially careful not to get leafing over the pages or you'll anticipate some of its excellent surprises. It is good suspense, and good parable too. ☞Appleton-Century is, and properly, well pleased at the recent entrance of M. André Maurois, dressed in green and gold embroidery, into the French Academy. M. Maurois's seat is number 35, which has had only 10 occupants since 1634. What old francophile Q. would like would be for Appleton-Century to send him copies of M. Maurois's *Discours de réception* and the *Réponse au discours* by M. André Chevrillon, as published in France. ☞We are happy to see that two admirable pamphlets issued by Scripta Mathematica (Amsterdam Av. and 186th St., N. Y. C.) have gone into 2nd editions. These are *The Meaning of Mathematics* by Cassius J. Keyser (20c.) and *Thomas Jefferson and Mathematics* by David Eugene Smith (25c.). ☞Appleton-Century says Bob (Robert H.) Davis "searched high and low for a decent pancake and found it finally on Route 29 in New Jersey." ☞Bob says "any man who marries a good cook is a genius." ☞Reynal and Hitchcock kindly sent us a reprint of Judge Clark's opinion before the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the recent decision of the Court granting the plaintiff (Houghton-Mifflin Co.) a preliminary injunction against Stackpole Sons-Telegraph Press in the matter of the unauthorized *Mein Kampf.* This is a document of importance in the history of literary property. The crux of the matter is that even a writer without a country—in this case the eminent "Staatenloser Deutscher"—must have the privilege and protection of copyright.

☞The Scribner Book Store's latest Rare Book Bulletin pleases us by printing two comments on H. C. Bailey's Reggie Fortune. One quote is from Wrong, and one from Wright. ☞We take these to be the learned E. M. Wrong of Toronto and the late Willard Huntington Wright. ☞It pleases us, as always, to find some Cutcliffe Hype titles listed by Scribner, particularly Captain Kettle on whom our own generation was happily reared. ☞Among more recent books the nearest in feeling to the Captain Kettle yarns are Guy Gilpatric's *Scotch and Water* and other tales of Mr. Glencannon, the boozing and bagpiping chief engineer of S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle.* ☞The *Last Poems* of W. B. Yeats has been published, 500 copies only, by the Cuala Press, Dublin. Nineteen new poems and 2 plays are included; some of the verses were written only a few weeks before Yeats's death. The cost is 12s. 9d. post free.

☞Robert De Graff reports *Wuthering Heights* the best seller in his 10 new Pocket Books (25c. each) but says all ten titles are being reprinted. ☞Columbia University Press's *The Pleasures of Publishing,* which embarrasses the whole field of commercial publishing by the agility of its luminous purview, now suggests that the marsupial used by Mr. De Graff as an emblem of his books is neither a kangaroo nor a wallaby but a bandicoot. ☞At the meeting of the English Institute at Columbia (August 28 to Sept. 9) a number of scholars will talk informally about their work in progress, *viz.,* the special research on which they are now engaged. Among those announced to speak are Carleton Brown (N. Y. U.), Howard Mumford Jones (Harvard), Marjorie Nicolson (Smith) and Felix E. Schelling (Pennsylvania). ☞One of the world's greatest dangers is the Letter of Introduction. A brief example, and probably potent in aftermath, was written some years ago to a Danish publisher. It came from a member of the German legation in Copenhagen. It is quoted in Fritz Cahen's *Men Against Hitler* (Bobbs-Merrill): — "Dear Sir: You have read of the arrival of Herr Goering in this city. I recommend him to your attention. He loves champagne and beautiful women." ☞The Holliday Book Shop, 49 East 49, speaks of Rilke's *Duino Elegies* as having "a significance comparable to that of *The Waste Land.*" ☞The Lakeside Press in Chicago is holding an exhibition of illustrated books throughout July, August and September, open to the public from 9 to 5, Mondays to Fridays. ☞Roy Temple House, editor of *Books Abroad* (University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.) has asked a number of critics for nominations of "the most distinguished book or group of books *from one writer* that has appeared anywhere in the world since November, 1918."

☞W. S. Hall (of Snyder & Hall, foreign representatives for many U. S. publishers) wrote for *Publishers' Weekly* two lively articles on American Books in the Caribbean, which aroused much interest in the trade. Then, while his partner Harry Snyder is demonstrating U. S. books in South America, Mr. Hall set off 2 weeks ago for Hawaii, Japan, and China. His annual trip to the Orient comes this year at a specially interesting time. Two of America's worst-selling authors entertained Mr. Hall before his departure at Allaire's, a cheerful German keller once celebrated by O. Henry. ☞We remark again, Mr. Hall and Mr. J. T. Winterich are the two writers about books and book trade matters whose stuff is most to our private taste.

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